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it's the clove...

Editor's note 10/2007

Someday a package will change your life. You'll be walking along the beach and there in your field of vision—between the chesty girl straddling her Jet Ski and the monster-size cooler you've been sweating—you'll see a neatly wrapped plastic bundle wash up on the sand. You'll bend down, take a look, and then you'll sneak off to your car alone to examine the contents of the package that will buy you that spacious three-bedroom duplex on Easy Street.

LUX, PAGE 76

Everybody thinks about winning the lottery—even you. Admit it: In some corner of your mind, you preserve the idea that someday, some minor miracle is going to come your way. You'll get an insane insurance settlement for the sprained toe you sustained when that billionaire ran you over with his Segway, you'll luck into a once-in-a-lifetime house flip, or find some dusty oil painting while cleaning out your great uncle's garage. That tax-free, life-changing lump sum will surely find you one day, you just know it will. It's the new American dream.

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Too bad the only place where found wealth is literally washing up onshore is more than 1,000 miles south of Miami, on the east coast of Nicaragua, where watertight packages of cocaine regularly (yes, regularly) hit the beach. Find out why and what happens to a village awash in new money in "Cocaine Harbor" (page 112). It'll blow your mind.

COCAINE HARBOR, PAGE 112

Of course, not every surprise package carries the promise of a new start. For a number of veterans, the contents of FedEx envelopes have thrown their lives in reverse by sending them back to war after they had already done their duty overseas. In "Welcome Back to the Suck" (page 98), author and veteran Johnny Rico (*Blood Makes the Grass Grow Green*) heads to Fort Benning, Georgia, where he finds a few unlucky soldiers steeling themselves for an involuntary second tour.

Billy Bob Thornton has had his share of return engagements—having been married and divorced five times. On page 94, he shares what little wisdom he's picked up about women (and other things) and talks about how rare it is to find a woman who's not only gorgeous, but who's also very sexual. We still think Billy Bob is one of the coolest people around, but we have evidence against that last statement: Nella, Zoe, Lux, Cassie, and Sandy. We'll let you be the judge.

Mark Healy
Editor in Chief

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Pleasure and Power

Two of my girlfriends and I just did something we never thought we'd do. It all started one night when Lisa's husband went out with his friends and she invited us over for drinks and movies. Regina and I thought it was a great idea, so we took a night off from our boyfriends and arrived at Lisa's with several bottles of wine.

We drank and talked about our sex lives—what our men do right and what we wished they'd do a little better. It wasn't a gripe session, just some girlfriends laughing and exchanging sex tips. When the conversation turned to trying new things, there was one thing we all wanted to experience—making love with another woman. But as we sat in the middle of her bed, Lisa pointed out that we'd never have a better opportunity to explore one another.

"Why don't we go for it?" Lisa said. "We all want to know what it's like to be with another woman, right?"

Regina laughed and said, "Yeah, and we also have the makings of our very own threesome!"

"Oh, yes—let's do it," I said, already feeling a tingling sensation in my nether region. I looked at Regina, she looked at Lisa, and just like that the games began.

We took off our clothes, knelt together in the center of the bed, and began tentatively exchanging kisses and touching one another's breasts with our hands, tongues, and lips. I couldn't believe I was really doing this, but it felt good and incredibly right.

AS WE SAT IN THE MIDDLE OF HER BED, LISA POINTED OUT WE'D NEVER HAVE A BETTER OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLORE ONE ANOTHER.

Regina was the first one to break the kiss. She pulled Lisa down over her face and began eating her pussy. Lisa held on to the headboard and moaned as Regina's tongue probed deep into her.

Not wanting to be left out, I crawled between Regina's open legs and began my own frontal assault. Regina was so into eating out Lisa, she jumped at the first touch of my tongue. When she realized she was about to receive the same pleasure she was giving Lisa, she moaned and pushed her hips up toward my mouth. I happily gave it to her, lapping and stroking her the same way I like my boyfriend to do me.

When Regina began quivering and shaking against my mouth and finally released her juices onto my waiting tongue, I felt a sense of power I'd never experienced with my boyfriend. I was just beginning to get my head around the idea that I'd made one of my best friends come when Lisa—spurred on by Regina's climax—began crying out her own release. Regina looked just as pleased with herself as I imagined I did.

Then it was my turn. Lisa was the only one who hadn't gone down on a pussy, and I still hadn't had the pleasure of someone eating me out, so Lisa grabbed me by the waist and had me straddle her. I fell eagerly into place over her mouth and faced Regina. While Lisa licked and sucked me into heavenly bliss, Regina played with my nipples, sending pleasure shots straight down to my crotch! I felt the pressure building and then my body took charge. I came over and over again, experiencing multiple orgasms for the first time and loving every minute of it!

While that night marked a new beginning in our friendship and satisfied our collective curiosity about eating pussy and threesomes, it also created a thirst for more nights of girl-on-girl sex that we'll definitely have to quench.—*C.T., Minnesota*

More letters on page 144

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to forum.submission@pmgi.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

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No Bones About It

The Vintage Design of the Stauer 1779 Skeleton Reveals the Precision Inner Workings of a Great Machine.

We found our most interesting watch in our oldest history book. A trip to an antique book store led us to find one of the earliest designs of the sought after skeleton timepiece. With a 227-year-old design, Stauer has brought back the past in the intriguing old world geometry of the Stauer 1779 Skeleton. See right through to the precision parts and hand assembled movement and into the heart of the unique timepiece. It's like seeing an X-Ray inside the handsome gold filled case.

The open exhibition back allows you to further explore the intricate movement and fine craftsmanship.

Beauty is only skin deep but the Engineering Goes Right to the Bone. Intelligent Collectors of vintage mechanical watches have grown bored with mass produced quartz movements. Like fine antique car collectors, they look for authenticity, but they also want practicality from their tiny machines. Inspired by a rare museum piece dating to 1779, we engineered this classic with $31,000,000 worth of precise Swiss built machinery to create the intricate gears and levers. So the historians are thrilled with the authenticity and the demanding engineers are quite impressed with the technical performance.

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The Time Machine. We took the timepiece to George Thomas, a noted historian and watch restorer for major museums, and he dissected the 110 parts of the vintage movement. He gave the "1779" top reviews. "It is possible to build it better than the original, and your new skeleton requires so little maintenance." When we shared the price with him, George was stunned. He said that no other luxury skeleton can be had for under $1000. But we pour our money into the watch construction, not into sponsoring yacht races and polo matches. We have been able to keep the price on this collector's limited edition to only three payments of $33.00. So you can wear a piece of watch making history and still keep most of your money in your pocket, not on your wrist. This incredible watch has an attractive price and comes with an exclusive 30-day in-home trial. If you're not completely satisfied with the performance and exquisite detail of this fine timepiece, simply return it for a full refund of your purchase price. The Stauer Skeleton Watch is a limited edition, so please act quickly. Historical value rarely repeats itself.

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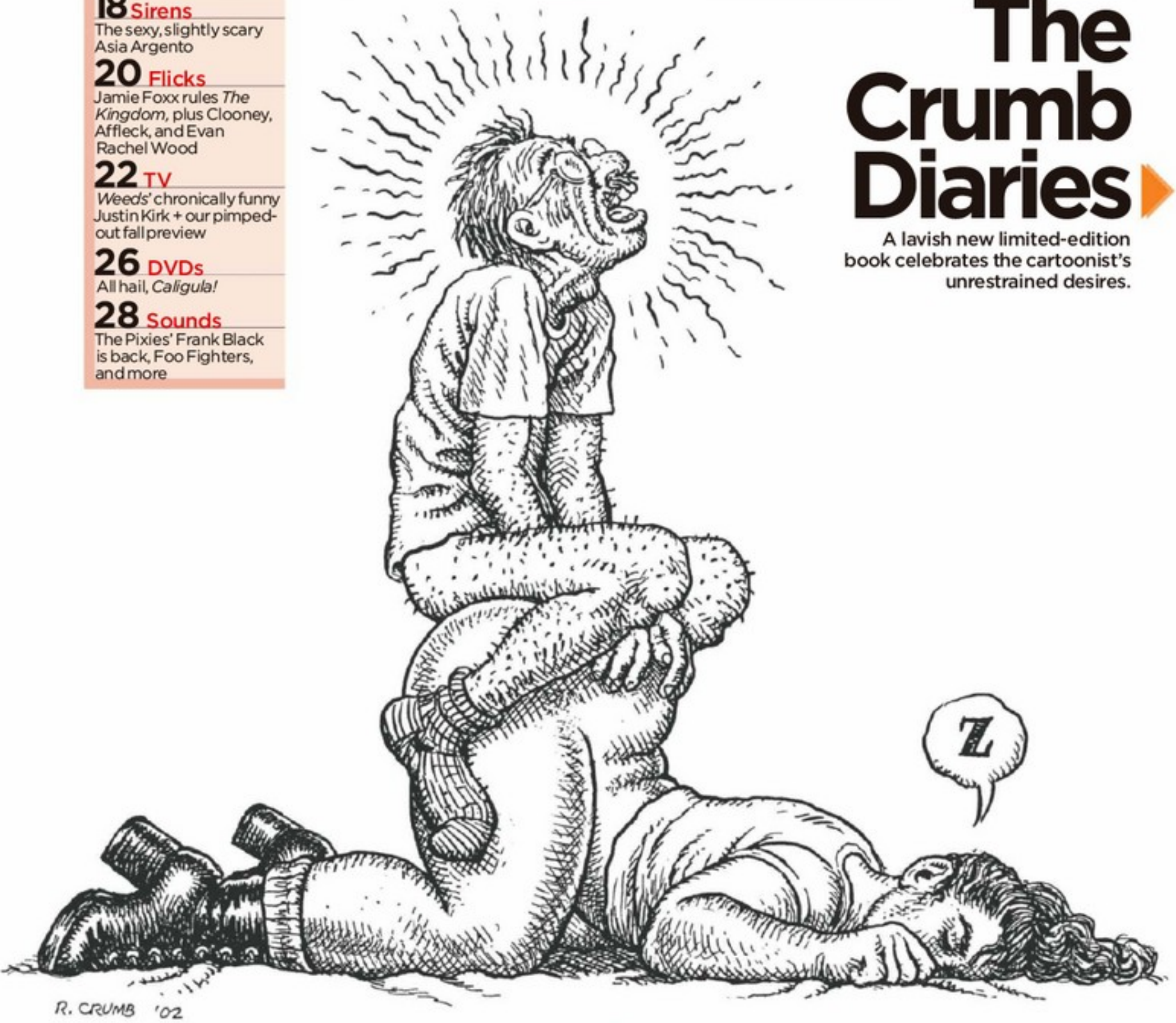
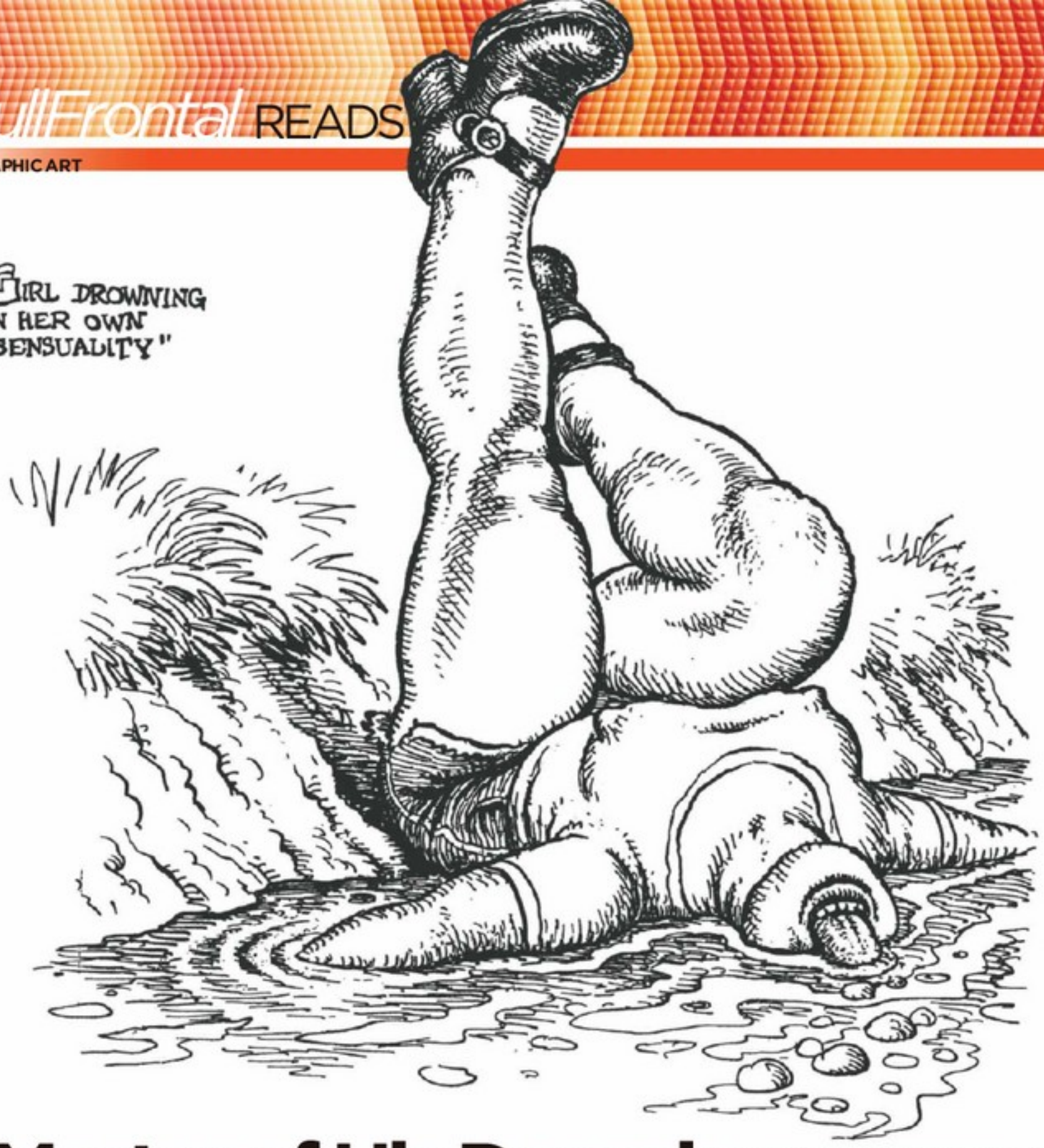
The Crumb Diaries

A lavish new limited-edition book celebrates the cartoonist's unrestrained desires.



SHE LIES STILL, HER HEAD ON THE MATTRESS, HER BUTT TOWERING HIGH IN THE AIR. I LOVE BEING UP THERE WITH MY DICK DEEP IN HER CUNT. SOMETIMES I BOUNCE UP AND DOWN, THRUSTING INTO HER ALL THE WAY TO THE HILT. OTHER TIMES I JUST SIT THERE IN A DIZZYING STATE OF SEXUAL EUPHORIA. I NOTICE THAT SHE HASN'T MOVED FOR A LONG TIME. I LOOK DOWN AT HER HEAD FAR BELOW AND REALIZE THAT THE DEAR BIG GIRL HAS DRIFTED OFF TO DREAMLAND! WELL, SHE HAD A BUSY DAY, THE SWEET THING. I CONFESS THAT IT EXCITES ME GREATLY TO BE FUCKING HER WHILE SHE'S ASLEEP. IT'S LIKE SHE'S GONE AWAY AND LEFT ME IN CHARGE OF HER FABULOUS STRONG GIRL BODY! NOW I CAN'T HOLD IT BACK ANY LONGER... THIS IS IT... I HAVE A BRAIN-POPPING ORGASM UP THERE. THEN I GET DOWN, CURL UP NEXT TO HER AND GO TO SLEEP.

GRAPHIC ART



Master of His Domain

Robert Crumb has a long history of creating warts-and-all confessional comics—particularly about his taste for raunchy, exhilarating sex. By Calvin Reid

Five hundred dollars can buy plenty of decent things: a 1989 Toyota Corolla, dinner for two at Nobu, and a date with a mid-shelf Vegas call girl are but a few examples. Save your dough for *R. Crumb's Sex Obsessions,* a gorgeous, extravagant new book featuring the famously dirty-minded work of cartoonist Robert Crumb.

Crumb began what has turned into an incredibly influential career with Zap Comix and the underground comics movement of the 1960s. Later, he focused on inventive, highly autobiographical work, as chronicled in the 1994 documentary *Crumb.*

Crumb's super-confessional storytelling—a style he credits to the influence of his wife Aline's early comics—captures a memorable aspect of the sixties culture of hedonism: a compulsion to express taboos of all kinds.

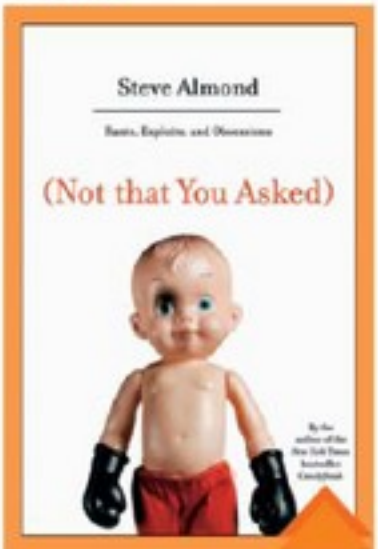
Indeed, an image early in the book, "Girl Drowning in Her Own Sensuality," (above) pretty much reveals all you need to know about Crumb's masturbatory fantasies. The illustrator likes his girls meaty, horny, and positioned for pleasure. This preference fuels the creative and intellectual tension around much of Crumb's confessional work—men drool at his lexicon of shamelessness while women often fume.

> Crumb likes his girls meaty, horny, and positioned for pleasure.

But it's hard to resist the cartoonist's virtuoso drawing skills and his talent for translating his obsessions into vivid pornographic hilarity. He renders fantasies of plaid-skirted schoolgirls "trapped" in windows, their rear ends (skirts up, panties revealed!) conveniently exposed to the viewer, Crumb, who just happens to be passing by.

Crumb says he makes "raucous vulgar comedy" out of his own personal quirks. That's a nice way of saying his work is both comically disgusting and sexually exhilarating. His stories don't necessarily foster masturbation, but they do celebrate it.

REVIEW



(NOT THAT YOU ASKED): RANTS, EXPLOITS, AND OBSESSIONS
By Steve Almond
(Random House)

Steve Almond's latest collection can be summarized in one word: eclectic. He starts off with mock letters to Oprah and winds up talking about his baby daughter and getting a ham for Chanukah. Sex, sports, food, and family are his mainstays. Oh, and writing; the most self-indulgent pieces about his craft will likely appeal only to fellow writers.

At his best (usually when talking about sex in some form), his humor isn't forced, but very real. He elaborates on his 12-year-old self's "cock vanity" and his first clumsy handjob, and you can feel his humiliation when he's caught stealing condoms and Sta-Hard cream from his local drugstore. He shines in a piece about quitting his job at Boston College in protest of Condoleezza Rice being asked to speak at commencement. He waits until the end to reveal that his uncle had once gone on a blind date with Condi, and his grandfather had urged her to join the Stanford faculty.

Other times, his subjects are obvious and belabored. But when he stops with the self-aggrandizing, dramatic pronouncements, Almond even offers up some insights, such as his 12 steps to writing good sex scenes: (6) "Use all the senses," in particular: "I'd take a sweet, embarrassed pussy fart over a shuddering moan any day." For that, I can almost forgive him for calling breasts "secondary sex characteristics that have been elevated to fetish objects by our motherless consumer culture." Almost.

Q&A

Blame It on Rio!

Classic porn fans, rejoice! You can now take the star of *China Doll* home with her intimate new biography.

The star and creator of *Vanessa del Rio: Fifty Years of Slightly Slutty Behavior* (Taschen), coauthored by Dian Hanson, joins us in taking a peek at the life inside.

What's your proudest moment from your porn career?
I guess this has to be it, because Benedikt Taschen is an art publisher. If he considers what I did art, then it has to be a proud moment.

You came to fame during the "golden age" of porn. Is the business today very different?
It's completely different. It's become a mega business, and you have to be really smart if you're going to do it. My behavior was slightly slutty, but today, there's women with toilet bowls over their heads and this look of being degraded. We never did anything that was degrading; you just wouldn't stand for it. Nowadays ... it's no longer just something to masturbate to, it's something to be shocked by. If you can figure out how to become a multimillionaire then go for it, but go in with eyes wide open.

> "I like my cheap thrills. They just sit there and jerk off."

I was surprised to learn that your biggest stress-reliever is watching guys jerk off via Yahoo! Chat. Are you as much of a voyeur as an exhibitionist?
I would say I'm an exhibitionist by trade ... but I'm basically a voyeur. I was looking into how to get a cam up on my site, and I stumbled upon the chat in Yahoo!. I clicked on it and suddenly there was a guy jerking off, but you couldn't see his face. The sight was hot—one of those horny, anonymous cheap thrills. I like my cheap thrills. They just sit there and jerk off. Sometimes I type in something like "Show me your balls." And they do it. It's fun.

SEVEN REASONS TO GOOGLE...

Asia Argento

The actress/writer/director pimped three movies at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Now, she wants to make a film about women and masturbation. *Action!* By Tobias Grey

Asia Argento is a legitimate triple threat. As an actress, she works mostly in Italian cinema (she's been killed on-screen multiple times by her father, horror director Dario Argento), but she lit up the screen in *xXx*, flashed some impressive cleavage in *Marie Antoinette*, and took Cannes by storm this past spring while doing press for Abel Ferrara's *Go Go Tales* (costarring Willem Dafoe), *Boarding Gate* (costarring Michael Madsen), and *Une vieille maîtresse*. She's written six of her movies, several short stories for European magazines, and the 1999 novel *I Love You Kirk*. The directing bug bit early, leading her to make music videos and a documentary about Ferrara, and to push herself to the extreme in *Scarlet Diva* and *The Heart Is Deceitful Above All Things*.

She earns her own money

"There's a huge industry of dubbing in Italy. All the foreign movies are looped into Italian. I was five years old when I started doing that, mostly with American TV shows. A friend of my mother's was doing looping work, so I asked her if I could give it a try. I was very proud, even at that age, to be making 50,000 lira, which today is about 20 euros. And then at nine, I started to work in the movies. I work a lot to support not only myself, but my daughter and my mother. I'm proud of being a provider as opposed to other people helping me. I would have liked the men in my life to help me, but they haven't."

She was smart enough to grow into her looks

"In Italy, we talk about the beauty of the donkey. When a donkey is small it looks cute, but when it grows up that cuteness disappears. I heard my family talk about this beauty of the donkey and was terrified of being a donkey. But people still tell me, 'Your face is fucked up,' or, 'Your teeth aren't right.'"

She has porn aspirations

"I think it's more fun to play extreme roles. I don't have a dream to play the woman who works in the office just to prove I can do that. One thing I find is, when I directed myself, I pushed myself to further extremes than other directors. As a woman in cinema, you will always be something: the wife, the daughter, the aunt, the bitch. I've been the bitch, the drug addict, the prostitute a lot, a stripper three times. I really don't have a problem with that because I'm not ambitious as an actress. Maybe I'm more of a character actor.

"I wanted to make a porn remake of *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* and take it to the next level. But sexually, I now think Russ Meyer took it to the next level by *not* showing everything. One day I would like to make a movie about sex especially for women because women's sexuality, things like women's masturbation, is still a huge taboo."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN SKOW/CORBIS OUTLINE

"Having to be sexy to be accepted is the same thing as wearing a burka. I've had boyfriends who maybe watched my movies and masturbated over me before I met them."

SIRENS CONTINUES

She knows how to box...

"One day I banged my head against [*Transylvania* director] Tony Gatlif's by accident. I said, 'I'm used to that from when I boxed.' I showed him what I could do and he wrote it into the film.

"I did kickboxing when I was younger. I felt so fragile, and it was a way for me to learn that I'm not. When I was about 19, I got into a few street fights. It was crazy. Now I've learned to say 'I'm sorry.' This has dramatically changed my life, because I was so aggressive."

...and she's in touch with her rage

"My dream when I was a child was to be loved. I had a rage to show people I was special because I thought they felt that I was shit. When you are a child and you have intelligence, people are scared of you. I'm channeling it in better ways now.

"I took every drug that existed, and I don't anymore. I started smoking joints when I was very young and I never hid anything. I used to take pleasure in people thinking I was a lot tougher than I am."

She knows how to be used

"As a director, you can make choices. But as an actor, you're an instrument. You have to be very humble to do that, and actors almost never are. Actors are such egomaniacs and so insecure that you have to say, 'You're the best, you're the best,' all the time. I find this so painful.

"I'm very moved by some actors from the past, like Bette Davis or Marlene Dietrich, strong women who are difficult to find today. I've been thinking about women today. People are horrified by the burka, but we are wearing the burka, too, in a way. Having to be sexy to be accepted is the same thing as wearing a burka. I feel like I also have to serve this purpose in life. I've had boyfriends who maybe watched my movies and masturbated over me before I met them. Who is *me*? The insecure girl that nobody liked who didn't enjoy living inside her body, or the one today who is a kind of persona I've invented? I think now I'm somewhere in between. I can be both."

She's ready for her second act

"I've had quite a few experiences with men and stuff since writing *I Love You Kirk* that I'd like to write about. I feel like my sense of revenge is growing back and I'd like to talk about it."

Asia Argento gets her hands on Vin Diesel's equipment in *xXx*.

REVIEWS

Feds Up

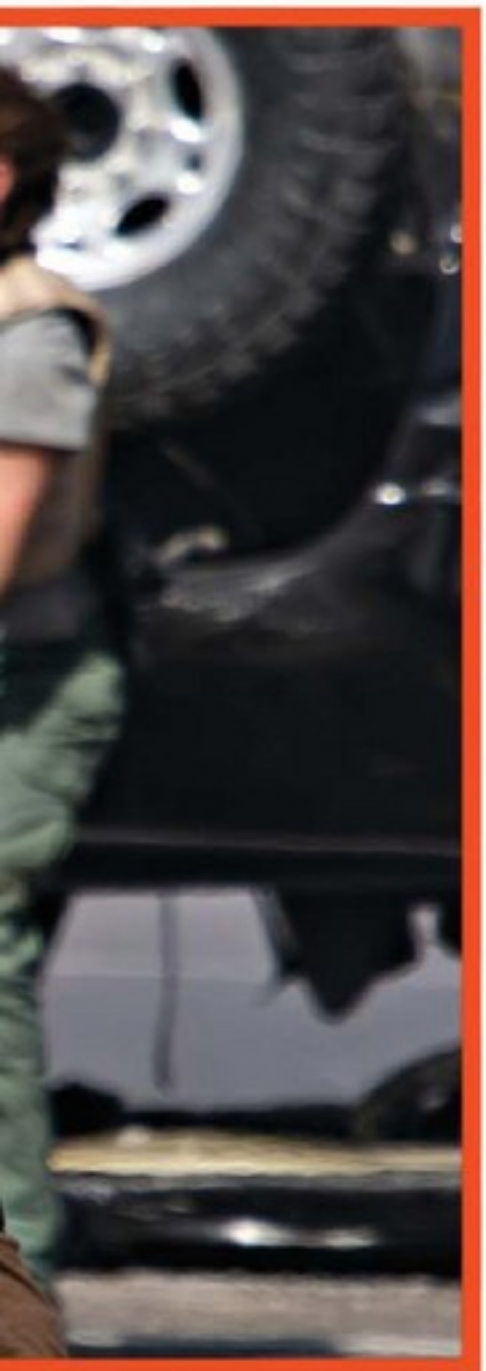
Who needs a troop surge when you've got Jamie Foxx, Jennifer Garner, and Chris Cooper bringing peace to the Middle East?

THE KINGDOM

Jamie Foxx, Jennifer Garner, Jason Bateman, Chris Cooper

The Kingdom is a political thriller dressed up as a buddy-cop flick. Or, in two words: *Syriana* light. Producer Michael Mann's (*Miami Vice*) latest offering follows four elite FBI agents who travel to Saudi Arabia to bring a terrorist cell to justice. Agent Ronald Fleury (Foxx) is the fearless leader who pulls political strings while kicking much terrorist ass; Janet Mayes (Garner) is the hot chick who thwarts local customs and looks sexy doing it; Adam Leavitt (Bateman) adds, uh, levity as the bumbling wisecracker; Grant Sykes (Cooper) adds cred as the only person who actually looks like a federal agent. Director Peter Berg somehow charges through the big-studio gauntlet and successfully emerges with a gripping popcorn movie that artfully explores the powder keg that is Middle East politics. Universal Pictures seems to like it, too, since the studio

Agent Ronald Fleury (Foxx) is the fearless leader who pulls political strings while kicking much terrorist ass.

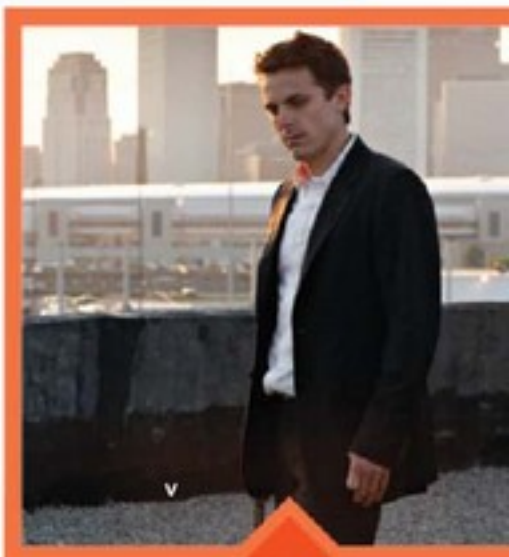


is rumored to have delayed a summer release (until serious-movie season) to position it for the Oscars. No matter what happens when they hand out the hardware, audiences will appreciate that the gently subversive *Kingdom* obeys the Tao of Don—for as *Miami Vice*'s Sonny Crockett once said, "You've got to know the rules before you can break 'em. Otherwise, it's no fun."—*Jonathan Ages*

FEAST OF LOVE

Morgan Freeman, Greg Kinnear, Selma Blair, Alexa Davolos

If you're looking for a movie to see with your girl that won't have you checking your watch, cringing uncontrollably, or hurling into your Milk Duds, this meditation on love and mortality could be the one. Although there *are* a couple of cornball moments, you'll overlook them, because while your date can ponder the film's central spiritual question—"Is love a trick that nature pulls on us so we'll keep reproducing, or is it the only meaning in this crazy dream?"—*you* can focus on more tangible issues, like Alexa Davolos, or the sultriest lesbian love scenes this side of *Mulholland Drive*, or Radha Mitchell's naughty bits. (Four words: Full. Frontal. Nudity. Awesome.) The story chronicles the love lives of Kinnear, Blair, Mitchell, Toby Hemingway, and Davolos, with Freeman in the ... Morgan Freeman role, as sage counsel to them all. When a cash-strapped Davolos asks Freeman if she and her boyfriend should make a sex tape for money, wondering who will buy it, he tells her, "Oh, they'll buy it. *Blind* people would buy it." The same could be said of this frank depiction of sexuality.—*J.B.*



GONE BABY GONE

Casey Affleck, Michelle Monaghan, Ed Harris, Morgan Freeman

Ben Affleck is making his feature-film directorial debut? You could be forgiven for choosing a novocaine-free root canal instead. But truth be told, *GBG* is actually pretty good. Based on the novel by Dennis Lehane, it tells the tale of two romantically involved private eyes, Patrick and Angie (Casey Affleck and *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*'s Michelle Monaghan), hired to find an abducted four-year-old girl in South Boston. The film nimbly portrays this claustrophobic neighborhood, where everybody knows everybody and long-festering resentments are always just beneath the surface, waiting to explode. And Amy Ryan (*The Wire*), as the girl's grieving, reckless mother, gives a daring performance.

The movie falters as the narrative twists and turns, and the plot grows ever more complicated. But the biggest problem rests with the two main characters: Patrick and Angie are not fleshed out enough to let viewers become engrossed in their struggles. Ultimately, though, *GBG* packs an emotional punch—particularly in its quietly devastating final scene.—*Daniel Nemet-Nejat*

KING OF CALIFORNIA

Evan Rachel Wood, Michael Douglas

Though it's packed with quirky details and film-school tricks, *King of California* is an emotionally tepid, bland film. Mike Cahill loses his directorial virginity with a story about 16-year-old Miranda (Wood), who must work at McDonald's to support herself and her father Charlie (Douglas), freshly released from a mental institution. Clearly not cured and convinced that the lost treasure of Father Juan Florismarte Garces is buried under Costco, Charlie drags his daughter on his quixotic search. Douglas nearly saves the film with his wild-eyed eccentricity. The acting volleys between Douglas and Wood, however, bring to mind what it must be like watching someone serve a tennis ball into mud. Cahill shows potential as a writer/director, but *King of California*'s hackneyed storytelling and ten-years-too-late "indie style" just come off as an exercise in quirkiness for quirk's sake.—*Michael Immerman*

MICHAEL CLAYTON

George Clooney, Sydney Pollack, Tom Wilkinson, Tilda Swinton

It takes a while to crank up its various moving parts, but once this corporate-litigation thriller (not a contradiction in terms, as it turns out) gets going, it generates real, thrumming tension and builds to an edge-of-your-seat climax.

First-time director Tony Gilroy (screenwriter of the *Bourne* trilogy and *The Devil's Advocate*) examines themes of corporate irresponsibility and personal integrity in this tale of Clayton (Clooney), an in-house "fixer" for a monolithic Manhattan law firm. When the firm's top litigator, Arthur Edens (Wilkinson), suffers a crisis of conscience while settling a class-action suit for an agrochemical company accused of poisoning families with weed killer, Clayton is sent to smooth him over, and gradually becomes enmeshed in more sinister doings.

The cast—especially Clooney, Terry Serpico and Robert Prescott (as two ice-cold baddies), and Swinton—is top-notch. But keep in mind this is a thinking-man's thriller—barely anything gets blown up.—*John Bolster*

Q&A

Weeds' Whacker

As the third season of *Weeds* fires up, Justin Kirk talks about getting the munchies, dropping trou on-screen, and why Mary-Louise Parker is so not innocent.

By Abigail Aronofsky

Last season on *Weeds,* Justin Kirk's Andy Botwin—the good-natured ne'er-do-well brother-in-law of Mary-Louise Parker's character—was put through the wringer: He applied to rabbinical school to get out of military service, fell in lust with the supremely sexy director of admissions (Meital Dohan) and found himself on the business end of a large strap-on dildo, lost some toes, and got caught taking his barely pubescent nephew to a massage parlor. (If you missed any of this, check out the recently released season-two DVDs.) Although Kirk's biggest previous part was in the moving, sexually explicit AIDS drama *Angels in America,* he had no trouble embracing the sex, swearing, and bong ripping on Showtime's addictive dramedy.

What sold you on *Weeds*?
The material. I worked with Mary-Louise on *Angels in America* and I'd heard she was doing this show about a pot-dealing mom. Then I got a call about it and they sent me the material where it was my character IM'ing his nephew's girlfriend pretending to be him and masturbating. And I was like, *I'm home.*

Guess you were comfortable in the pervy uncle role?
I was. The magic of that particular scene is when Silas confronts him. I believe Andy when he says, "Listen, I did it for you." Because he warmed her up. He made the moves that Silas wouldn't know how to make and, you know, if a side part of it is that he gets to jerk off at the same time ... It's hedonism with benefits for others.

That's very generous.
I honestly think Andy's got a lot of love and generosity for his family. And yet he's also chasing the dream. And the skirts.

What was your favorite storyline from the second season?
Well, it was always a pleasure being on-set with Meital Dohan, the lovely Yael. I'm so into the third season. There's a little thing we're doing, and all I'm allowed to tell you is that it involves pornography and a bellhop uniform. I can also tell you that despite what we may think from season two, Andy may have another opportunity to serve his country. Mostly with pornography and a bellhop uniform.

That sounds right up our alley. Are the writers taking ideas from *Penthouse* "Forum" letters?
I'm sure that's where our writers write from.

Speaking of Meital, was the infamous dildo scene awkward to shoot?
[*Laughs*] I've done a lot of weird things on camera in my life, so nothing fazes me. I do remember I had a pimple on my butt, and asking the makeup woman to cover it was—God bless her—all in a day's work. And then I don't think we ended up seeing the butt. But it was good for Meital, because she had to stare right at it and I'm sure it helped her performance.

The blessed Mary-Louise and her flock (from left): Maulik Pancholy, Kirk, Nealon, Andy Milder, and Romany Malco

You bared it all in *Flannel Pajamas*. Are you a risk-taker in life or do you just play one on TV?
Only on camera, darling. I live a dull little life and save all the excitement for work.

We'll pretend to believe that.
I wish it weren't true.

What is it about Mary-Louise that's so hot and innocent at the same time?
There's nothing innocent about Mary-Louise. She's just hot. It's 2007—who's innocent?

Do you think her character, Nancy, is a bad mom for dealing drugs?
I don't think she's a bad mother. At the very least she's doing the best she can. I think it's interesting to have the two sides: someone who loves their children very much, and possibly the other side is someone who didn't realize that being a parent was going to be part of their lives. And all of a sudden she has found herself in the role of a drug kingpin.

Does she appreciate having Andy in the house?
She likes to pretend she doesn't but the fact is, I'm raising those kids. Often I'm spending more time with them than she is. I cook, for God's sake. That's my big go-to on the show.

What do you crave when you get the munchies?
First of all, munchies are for amateur pot smokers, if I remember correctly. I used to love stuffed jalapeños, but they were starting to hurt my insides. I eat horrible fast-food breakfasts all the time, like Jack in the Box. I eat things in plastic; I'm much too old to be behaving that way.

Do you or the producers ever get any antidrug hate mail?
If we do, it doesn't get to me. It's surprising how little negative excitement we've received. It's possible the addition of Mary-Kate Olsen this year as Silas's love interest may bring in some new eyes and ears, so maybe that will stir things up.

Any fun projects lined up?
I have a Hot Pocket from 7-Eleven that I'm about to enjoy.

Excellent choice.
Thanks.

OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE PUGLIESE/CORBIS OUTLINE

"They sent me the material where it was my character IM'ing his nephew's girlfriend pretending to be him and masturbating. And I was like, *I'm home*."

FALL PREVIEW

Net Gains

Soul-sucking hand vacs! A Hugh Jackman musical! Cavemen! Have TV-network execs gone nuts or have they finally found ways to crush cable? Here, a guide to which crazy new ideas are just crazy enough to work.

TWISTED REMAKES AND REHEATS

BIONIC WOMAN
NBC

The Backstory: A bartender suffers a horrendous car crash but—with cutting-edge technology—gets a super-improved lease on life and impressively feathered hair.
The Elevator Pitch: *The Bionic Woman* meets the twenty-first century—and crushes it.
The Good: Action; humor; a hot-as-Hades villain (Katee Sackhoff, below)
The Bad: Bionic or not, the hero should be just a tad more scorching.
The Verdict: Bring back Lindsay Wagner.

K-VILLE
FOX

The Backstory: In post-Katrina New Orleans, a specialized unit of cops takes back the streets—no easy feat, as the murder rate soars.
The Elevator Pitch: *Hill Street Blues* meets a more permissive FCC
The Good: Anthony Anderson kicked ass on *The Shield*. What'll he do in the Big Easy?
The Bad: Real-life circumstances might make this a cringe-inducer.
The Verdict: We're due for a gritty street-cop drama, but maybe not this one.

THE BIG BANG THEORY
CBS

The Backstory: Two nerdy physicists learn about women from their ferociously sexy neighbor, Kaley Cuoco.
The Elevator Pitch: *Beauty and the Geek* mixed with *Weird Science*—in a chemistry beaker
The Good: Could echo the humor and tone of CBS hit *How I Met Your Mother*
The Bad: Could echo the humor and tone of its lead-out, *Two and a Half Men*
The Verdict: Yay, science!

HIGH-CONCEPT CRAPSHOOTS

SLACKER GUT-BUSTERS

CHUCK
NBC

The Backstory: A tech geek downloads a server's worth of government secrets into his brain.
The Elevator Pitch: The Geek Squad hooks up with Jason Bourne.
The Good: Cool fights; hot chicks; a truly believable hero; has the makings of a big hit
The Bad: The nerd factor is high.
The Verdict: We're downloading a server's worth of episodes into our brain right now.

REAPER
CW

The Backstory: Dude's folks sold his soul; now that he's 21, he's Satan's bounty hunter, vastly improving his résumé.
The Elevator Pitch: *American Pie*'s Sherminator cops a plea with *The Devil's Advocate*.
The Good: Smart writing; likable leads; did we mention the soul-sucking hand vac?
The Bad: Could be too kitschy for its own good
The Verdict: Don't you dare miss it—or we'll sic Satan on you.

ALIENS IN AMERICA
CW

The Backstory: A devout Muslim exchange student moves in with a Midwestern Christian family, and wackiness ensues.
The Elevator Pitch: *Perfect Strangers* with *South Park* 'tude
The Good: Interfaith hijinks: a brave new frontier for half-hour sitcoms
The Bad: The culture-clash jokes will get old fast.
The Verdict: Not worth clogging the TiVo

CAVEMEN
ABC

The Backstory: Three Geico ad Neanderthals take on the modern world.
The Elevator Pitch: *Two and a Half Cavemen*
The Good: Makes all of us non-cavemen seem that much more attractive
The Bad: The ad campaign is a thin conceit on which to hang an entire show.
The Verdict: We think we're in hirsute heaven.

By Barbara Rice Thompson

We're downloading a server's worth of *Chuck* episodes into our brain right now.

CRIME-FIGHTING FABLES

DIRTY SEXY MONEY
ABC

The Backstory: An idealistic lawyer gets in over his head. Commence gratuitous meaningful squinting.
The Elevator Pitch: *Dynasty* meets *The Firm*
The Good: Peter Krause; Donald Sutherland; Dirty. Sexy. Money.
The Bad: Despite that great title, it looks like a formulaic drama.
The Verdict: Guilty—of entertaining us.

PUSHING DAISIES
ABC

The Backstory: A baker named Ned somehow has the ability to bring murder victims back to life, so his PI partner knows whodunit.
The Elevator Pitch: *Moonlighting* meets *The X-Files*
The Good: Intriguing premise; excellent mix of romance, humor, and sci-fi—could be a breakout hit
The Bad: Something this gimmicky could work a few nerves in a hurry.
The Verdict: We smell a winner.

STAR WATCHERS

VIVA LAUGHLIN
CBS

The Backstory: A drama/thriller/musical about a casino owner in the titular gambling town
The Elevator Pitch: *Cop Rock* does *Las Vegas*.
The Good: Exec producer Hugh Jackman, who has a recurring role, can actually sing and dance.
The Bad: See above
The Verdict: Holding out for *Hairspray: The TV Show*

CANE
CBS

The Backstory: Jimmy Smits returns to prime time for this soapy family saga.
The Elevator Pitch: *Dallas* goes Latin, trading Ewing oil for the Vega family's rum and sugar concern (get it? *Cane*?).
The Good: Great cast brings needed diversity to broadcast TV
The Bad: Could be too lathered up for its own good
The Verdict: Was the producer drunk on daiquiris?

BACK TO YOU
FOX

The Backstory: TV anchor on a career downturn (Kelsey Grammer) teams up with his former partner (Patricia Heaton). The obvious question: Will they or won't they?
The Elevator Pitch: *Mary Tyler Moore* plus sexual tension
The Good: These comedy vets are proven commodities for viewers of a certain age; costars like Fred Willard
The Bad: No new ground broken here
The Verdict: Yesterday's news, but it'll likely be huge

CABLE HOOKUP

The most libidinous new show of the season assumes the coveted Sunday-night position.

PUTTING THE O IN HBO

Sex on TV has the same problem as sports in the movies: It hardly ever looks like the real thing. It's all hard bodies in soft focus and glorifying slow motion.

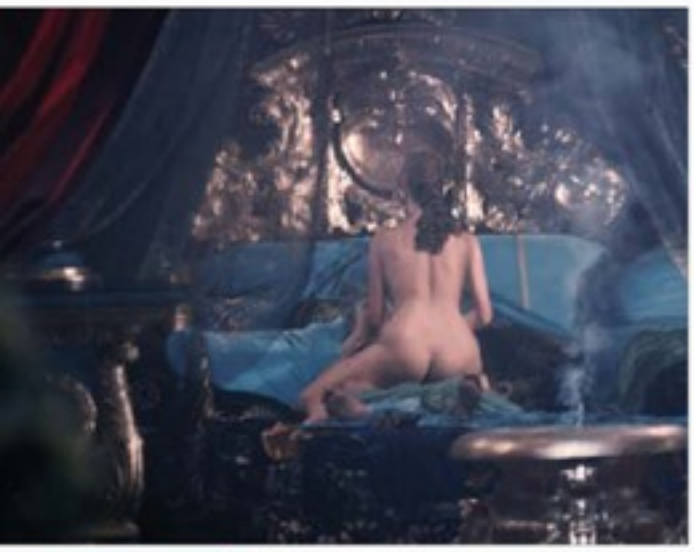
HBO's new drama, *Tell Me You Love Me,* does not have this problem. In fact, we guarantee that at some point during the first few episodes you'll ask, "Are they really ... *fucking?*" The series, like Showtime's *Californication* and CW's *Gossip Girl,* will grab attention for its treatment of sex—it's explicit, with loads of full-frontal nudity and even (whoa!) what must be cable TV's first money shot. But it's really about four committed hetero relationships and the difficult day-to-day business of keeping them going. There are repeated excruciating sessions with an older therapist who is still hot to trot herself. With a handheld camera that peeks over shoulders into private moments, *TMYLM* sustains an intensely voyeuristic atmosphere. The show could, in fact, use a few comic notes to leaven the domestic drama. (Note to the writers: Guys don't say, "We're pregnant," okay? *Ever.*) But with a first-rate cast and plenty of subtle, revealing moments that viewers will recognize from their own lives, *TMYLM* gives HBO another solid Sunday-night show—even if it won't make anyone forget that conflicted mob boss from Jersey just yet.—*John Bolster*

By Eric Danville

HISTORY REPEATED

Caligula Lives!

It took 2,500 people, $17.5 million, and four years to make what some consider the most expensive porno in history. A new DVD edition contains never-before-seen footage of an empire's greatest scandals.



There are many superlatives associated with the 1979 film *Caligula*. It had one of the most remarkable collections of A-list talent ever assembled: Malcolm McDowell, Helen Mirren, Peter O'Toole, and Sir John Gielgud. Its graphic depictions of the atrocities and perversions perpetrated in ancient Rome cemented its reputation as one of the most controversial motion pictures of its time. Hard-core renderings of the orgies of Emperor Caligula's court—including a marathon lesbian love scene between Lori Wagner and Penthouse Pet Anneka De Lorenzo—made the multimillion-dollar production the most expensive porn film ever made. And although the lines of people paying a then-record $7.50 (movie tickets cost about $2.50 at the time) to see the film stretched around city blocks, *Caligula* was savaged by reviewers. In a September 1980 review, Roger Ebert called the film "sickening, utterly worthless, shameful trash."

Caligula was rife with scandal before audiences even saw a frame; the film was originally titled *Gore Vidal's Caligula* until the author had his name removed from the title and credits after creative differences with the original director, Tinto Brass—who was later demoted in the credits to principal photographer. Brass was replaced by Giancarlo Lui and then-*Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione, who directed five minutes of hard-core footage that was inserted into the film after principal shooting had wrapped. (Critic Leonard Maltin decreed the Guccione portion "not bad.")

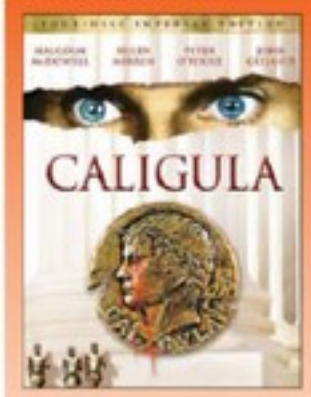
Other "creative differences," as well as the inclusion of penetration scenes, angered McDowell and O'Toole, who disowned the film for years. On the somewhat dubious occasion of the film's 20th anniversary, McDowell told reporters, "It was the first $17 million porno movie ever made, which, I guess, qualifies it for fame. It's made more money than any other film I've made. I credit the porn, not my performance."

Gaius Julius Caesar Augustus Germanicus (aka Caligula) is considered one of the most cruel and ruthless despots in history. He fucked and pimped his sisters, needlessly sent armies to their deaths, and used his palace as a whorehouse. Given the graphic nature of the history, why would McDowell sign on for a project spearheaded by the publisher of *Penthouse* Magazine? "Gore [Vidal] was the whole reason I agreed to do the film," he has said. Following Vidal's departure, he said, "I was left all alone on a movie where no one could write or speak English. We didn't have a script, so it was pure pandemonium."

Mirren had a slightly more pleasant memory of the experience. "I've never opened my mouth to denigrate *Caligula*," she told reporters. "I was pretty young when I made that—not physically young as much as inexperienced in film. And you know what? It was a great experience. It was like being sent down to Dante's Inferno in many ways." According to ContactMusic.com, Mirren used the flick to prepare herself for a nude scene in the film *Shadowboxer*, costarring Cuba Gooding Jr. "I saw *Caligula* recently," she said, "which had a lot of sex. And it's rather good. I mean, it's wild. This is ancient Rome, for God's sake. They weren't like us. It fired me up again."

This cult classic lives again in a new high-def restoration by Image Entertainment. Available from PenthouseStore.com in unrated, R-rated, and four-disc Imperial Edition on October 2.

DVD UPDATES



The new Imperial Edition updates in high definition one of the most audacious movies ever made. The four-disc set features a making-of doc, never-before-aired photos, and previously unreleased footage. Malcolm McDowell and Helen Mirren provide insightful audio commentary, while director Tinto Brass, star Lori Wagner, and other cast members share their *Caligula* history on-screen. There's also a disc with the original Gore Vidal screenplay, an interview with Bob Guccione, and cast and crew bios.

Caligula fucked and pimped his sisters, needlessly sent armies to their deaths, and used his palace as a whorehouse.

Q&A

will.he.b

This year alone, Black Eyed Peas forefather will.i.am is collaborating with Mariah Carey, Whitney Houston, and the kooky King of Pop himself, Michael Jackson. But it's not all fun and games: Will exorcises some demons on a ballsy solo record.

You don't need to tell Will Adams—or as he would have it, will.i.am—that girls can be trouble. Even when it comes to his own band. When the hip-hop collective Black Eyed Peas broke big in 2003 with *Elephunk,* they were considered a *Sesame Street* version of the Fugees instead of a group with real credibility because their newest member, Fergie, hailed from the pop-tart outfit Wild Orchid. But since then, combined worldwide sales of that album and its follow-up, *Monkey Business,* have hit the 18 million mark. Today, will.i.am is one of the most in-demand producers in the biz. But that doesn't mean his girl problems have gone the way of the Fugees. His new solo album, *Songs About Girls,* details a hot-and-cold relationship he had back in his twenties. We wanted to find out if, when it comes to women, Will has learned anything from his mistakes.

What motivated you to make a solo record?
People know me from the Black Eyed Peas, but they don't *know me* know me. I wanted them to get to know the person behind the music. I treated it as if I were a guy in a bar. It's like, if I were in a bar and a stranger came up to me, he'd say "blah blah blah," I'd go "blah blah blah," and we'd start talking. I wouldn't be talking about weird shit—you know, aliens or whatever—I'd talk about relationships and shit, and that's what this album is for me: a conversation with a guy in a bar about the real me.

This is something of a concept album about a girl you split up with four years ago. Do you have residual guilt?
Sure. It broke my heart that I had broken her heart, but then, you know, I was young and I did destructive things. If we stayed together it would have ended our growth and it would have only added to the turmoil. When I said good-bye to that relationship, I learned a lot.

Does she know about the album?
She doesn't. But hey, she'll deal with it.

There's a lot of cheating on this record—are you better at being monogamous these days?
I'm a one-woman man, for sure. I've learned my lesson on that one. Trust me.

Are you more popular with women now that you're famous?
It's cool, but girls get that all the time, don't they? It's like being popular in high school. I was, but I didn't have a girlfriend at my school. She went to a different school and nobody believed she existed. But she did.

Your calendar is packed—do you ever sleep?
Two days ago, I was working with Whitney [Houston], and I did a big hip-hop collaboration—*Multiples of Three,* with Ice Cube, Snoop, Q-Tip, and Common. Before that, Mariah [Carey]. Mariah was cool: She came into the studio wearing a big ball gown.

Seriously?
She was like, "I'm so sorry! I know everybody thinks I'm a diva, but I'm wearing this because I've just come from a party and I didn't want to go home and change." She is a diva in her own right, but she is real cool.

You didn't mention Michael Jackson, whose new album you're also producing. Was working with him intimidating? Bizarre? Both?
Michael Jackson was intimidating. But you've got to think—how does anybody reinvent Michael Jackson? He doesn't need it. Nobody will ever sell as many records. *Thriller* will always be *Thriller*. His career is bulletproof.

How's his album?
We've had some really great ideas, and I wanted to perfect it, and Michael is like, "How are you going to top *Thriller*? How will you improve upon 'Billie Jean'?" How do you? You don't. When I'm working with Black Eyed Peas, it's like Picasso. When I'm working with Michael Jackson, it's architecture.

Why do you refer to yourself as will.i.am?
I like to analyze things, to look at the world and see it for what it is. And that's precisely what I did with my name. My name is William. Hello, how you doing? But it's also a sentence in and of itself. The world is like that, too. There is meaning to everything, even my name.

You're a popular producer with some of the biggest names in entertainment. I'm sure many of these stars can be difficult to work with. How do you deal with that?
I like to keep things fun, and I think I can bring out expression and individualism in people. Also, I remind them not to take themselves so seriously. When you come into the studio, leave the bodyguards in the fucking lobby! Why bring them into the studio? Is the mike going to choke you? Relax!

> "When you come into the studio, leave the bodyguards in the fucking lobby! Why bring them in? Is the mike going to choke you?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH CULTICE

By Nick Duerden

"I'm a one-woman man, for sure. I've learned my lesson on that one. Trust me."

By Rebecca Swanner

MAIN STAGE

Black Magic

On his 13th solo effort, Pixies pioneer Frank Black is back again as Black Francis—and he's got the blistering power chords to prove it.

Since breaking up the Pixies via fax in 1993, indie-rock frontman emeritus Frank Black has gone in several musical directions. His two early solo records stayed true to the haunting, quiet-loud-quiet brilliance of the Pixies. Then he successfully tried his hand at a straighter (though still plenty weird) sound on the six albums he made with his backing band, the Catholics. Most recently, Black dabbled in Americana on two critically embraced records, *Honeycomb* and *Fast Man Raider Man*.

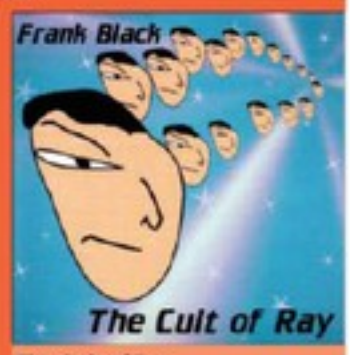
Now, on *Bluefinger*, Black—using his Pixies moniker, Black Francis—ventures into familiar territory but returns with a different outcome. Pixies fans will bow down to "Tight Black Rubber" and "Captain Pasty," two songs that would've fit into the Boston band's back catalog. But while Black sticks to his rough guitars and desperate, larynx-lashing vocals, he proves a masterful six-string pilgrim, conquering alt country, power pop, rockabilly, and post-punk. Good to see the cult of Frank is still going strong.

BLACK FRANCIS
Bluefinger
Cooking Vinyl (2007)
★★★★★
Penthouse pick: "Threshold Apprehension"

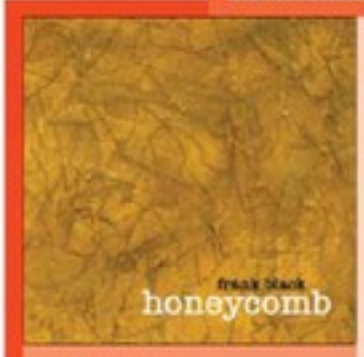
A BRIEF DISCOGRAPHY

What you've been missing

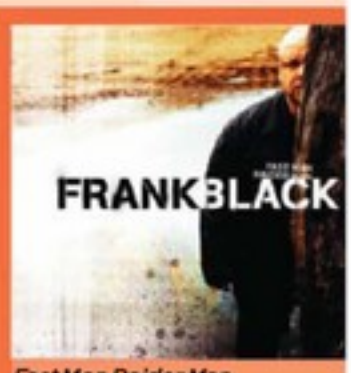
Teenager of the Year
4AD/Elektra (1994)
With its infectious songs about weird subjects, this often feels like the Pixies, even though he's out on his own. *Penthouse* pick: "Thalassocracy"



The Cult of Ray
American Recordings (1996)
Hell, yeah! Black teams up with the Catholics for a holy set. *Penthouse* pick: "Punk Rock City"



Honeycomb
Back Porch (2005)
This somewhat hushed, roots-rock record is Black's first foray into country territory. *Penthouse* pick: "Selkie Bride"



Fast Man Raider Man
Back Porch (2006)
With guests like Levon Helm and Simon Kirke, Black takes his riff on Americana one step further. *Penthouse* pick: "Johnny Barleycorn"

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BOWFLEX REVOLUTION.

REVIEWS

UNDER THE RADAR

Just because you're pissed doesn't mean you have to mope. The Buffalo, New York, quintet Every Time I Die shows brooding, black-clad whiners how it's done.

Metalcore masters Every Time I Die made major changes to their sound between 2001's *Last Night in Town* and the just-released *The Big Dirty*, but one thing they'll never give up is their sense of humor. A few albums back, that meant sporting ridiculous sweatbands onstage. Now they are keeping us in stitches lyrically: "I didn't put my hair in a ponytail for nothing / So if I'm going home alone / I ain't going at all."

The band launched its career with a pulverizing debut and *Hot Damn!*, the headbanging follow-up. On their third record, *Gutter Phenomenon*, they injected melodic interludes and swirling metal guitar tracks into the mix. And now, on *The Big Dirty*, they've gone even further, dredging up the swampy Southern-rock sound that's been bubbling under the surface.

There's something for every rawker on this record: brutal tracks on which singer Keith Buckley growls like Lamb of God; Queens of the Stone Age–inspired ragers; and sexy, metal-tinged Southern rock featuring hook-happy choruses.

EVERY TIME I DIE
The Big Dirty
Ferret (2007)
★★★★
Penthouse pick: "Cities and Years"

SUPAGROUP
Fire for Hire
(Foodchain)
★★★
We thought this balls-to-the-wall rock band from the Big Easy had exhausted all their energy on their ferocious 2005 effort, *Rules*. So we were happily surprised when they came roaring back with another batch of instant-classic rock songs, featuring guitar parts that could hold their own in a licks-off competition with the likes of ZZ Top and Aerosmith—or in an air-guitar battle with your friends.

HOT HOT HEAT
Happiness LTD
(Sire)
★★★
In the past, these four Canadian rockers have leaned heavily on synthesizers. But on their latest, produced by Butch Walker (the man responsible for Avril Lavigne's most recent hit), they bust out axes fit for the Killers. This is a post-breakup album (singer Steve Bays and his girl), but it's hardly sappy. It's dominated by glitzy, big-bodied tracks that could fill arenas—particularly if the Killers' Brandon Flowers were the one belting them out.

FOO FIGHTERS
Echoes, Silence, Patience & Grace
(Roswell/RCA)
★★★★
This great road-trip record, the Foos' sixth full-length, kicks off hard, like the beginning of a tour, with straight rock single "The Pretender." Eventually, as with creeping homesickness, Dave Grohl gets more contemplative on ballads like "Statues" before closing the set with the melancholic, longing "Home." Amid the introspection, though, they manage to sneak in a sleeper hit—"But, Honestly" is a quietly powerful track, featuring a guitar assault that gains strength until it finally overpowers Grohl's vocals with a volcanic solo.

SCHOOLYARD HEROES
Abominations
(Stolen Transmission)
★★★★
Ryann Donnelly has a voice built for pop stardom—it's like Gwen Stefani's crossed with PJ Harvey's—and she's much edgier than most pop princesses. Here, Donnelly belts slasher-flick-worthy lyrics over aggressive metal.

Foo frontman Dave Grohl turns contemplative on the piano-powered ballad "Statues."

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Andie Valentino
Pet of the Month
May 2007

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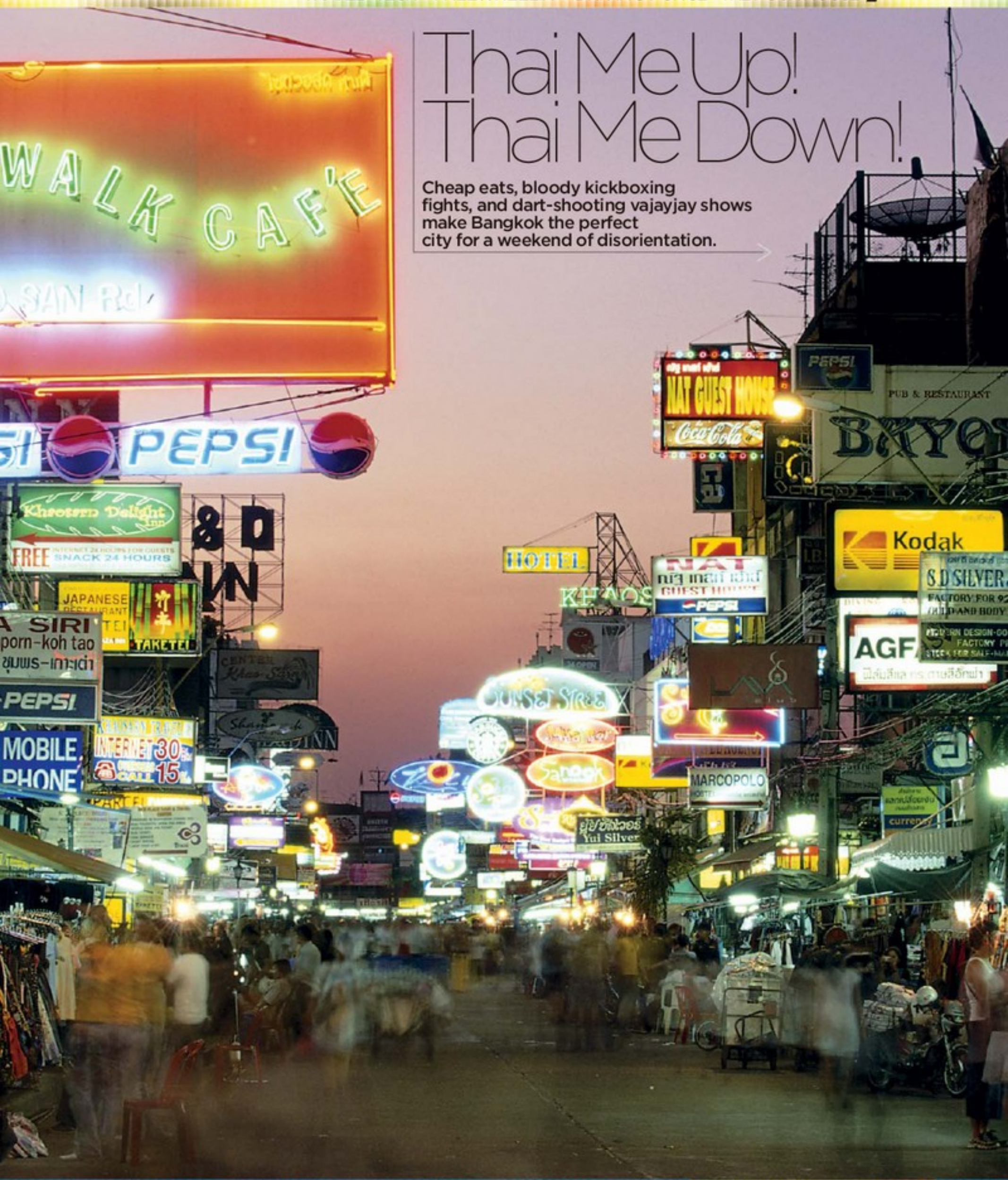
Thai Me Up! Thai Me Down!

Cheap eats, bloody kickboxing fights, and dart-shooting vajayjay shows make Bangkok the perfect city for a weekend of disorientation.



Some liberal types blame the Vietnam War for Bangkok's descent into abject hedonism. It was the GIs on leave, they say, flush with greenbacks and slinging sacs down to their knees, who turned a Buddhist paradise into a depraved pit of sex tourism and drug abuse. There may be some truth to that, but by-the-hour concubines and opium were part of most Asian cultures centuries before Marco Polo stole spaghetti from the Chinese. Still, there's no denying that Thais have learned how to cater to foreigners (aka *farang*). Though Bangkok is no longer a wild 'n' woolly expatriate outpost and hasn't been for some time, it's still a hedonistic paradise for an anything-goes weekend.

FRIDAY

AFTERNOON

Establish home base

As the mecca for every backpacker who visits Southeast Asia, Khao San Road is the spot for cheap rooms, cheap beer, and cheap hookups with fellow pilgrims.

6 P.M.

Fuel up

What street dogs are to New York, pad thai is to Bangkok. Day and night, street-stall chefs whip up noodles with egg and chicken for less than $1. Dozens of carts line Khao San Road. Or find more variety on Chakrapong Road, where restaurants serve cold beer and complete menus.

8 P.M.

Ping-Pong at Patpong

Everyone's heard about Patpong's world-famous Ping-Pong-ball performances, but you haven't lived till you've seen a Thai grandmother contort herself into a pretzel and then whistle, smoke a cigarette, and—applause!—pull razor blades from her fully waxed nethers. Later, peek into Radio City bar (Patpong Soi 1) for nightly performances by homegrown Elvis and Tom Jones impersonators.

10 P.M.

Love under the neon

It's a quick túk-túk ride to Bangkok's other whorehouse hoods, Soi Cowboy or Nana Plaza, which are set among cheap hotels that have, um, liberal guest policies. Both locations feature brothels masquerading as strip clubs. If a dancer strikes your fancy, simply pay her $20 "bar fine," then negotiate with her. For about $50, she's yours for the night. The bar areas are fun for a few hours, too, even if you're not on the prowl.

2 A.M.

Drink in the street

Bangkok's bars close at 1 A.M., but that doesn't stop enterprising freelance bartenders who lay down woven mats on the sidewalks of Soi Rambutri and serve drinks from their cars. Order a "bucket," cheap whiskey with cola or Red Bull, ask for extra straws, and then chat up the drunk British girls next to you.

SOI COWBOY

SATURDAY

NOON

Atone

Take a few hours to meditate in front of Buddha and try to fix the karmic imbalance caused by your disgusting behavior last night. Hire a túk-túk to Wat Pho (2 Sanamchai Rd.), where the 140-foot-long reclining Buddha will impress even the most Jesus-loving Westerner. Then zip over to Wat Indravihan (Wisut Kasat Road) and pause at the feet of the 108-foot-tall standing Buddha.

5 P.M.

Sate your bloodlust

Those UFC poufs have got nothing on the badass beat-downs of Thai boxing, or Muay Thai, a brutal hand-to-foot combat sport that once required fighters to coat their fists with ground glass. These days, gloves and taped feet suffice, but there's still a glut of gore. Bangkok boasts Muay Thai mayhem every night. On Saturday, the pain is brought to Lumphini Stadium (Ram IV Road). The other venue is Ratchadamnoen. At both, a lively (and illegal) gambling scene erupts in the third-class risers, but foreigners are ill-advised to join in. Tickets cost $15 to $50.

LUMPHINI STADIUM

Foreign Intelligence

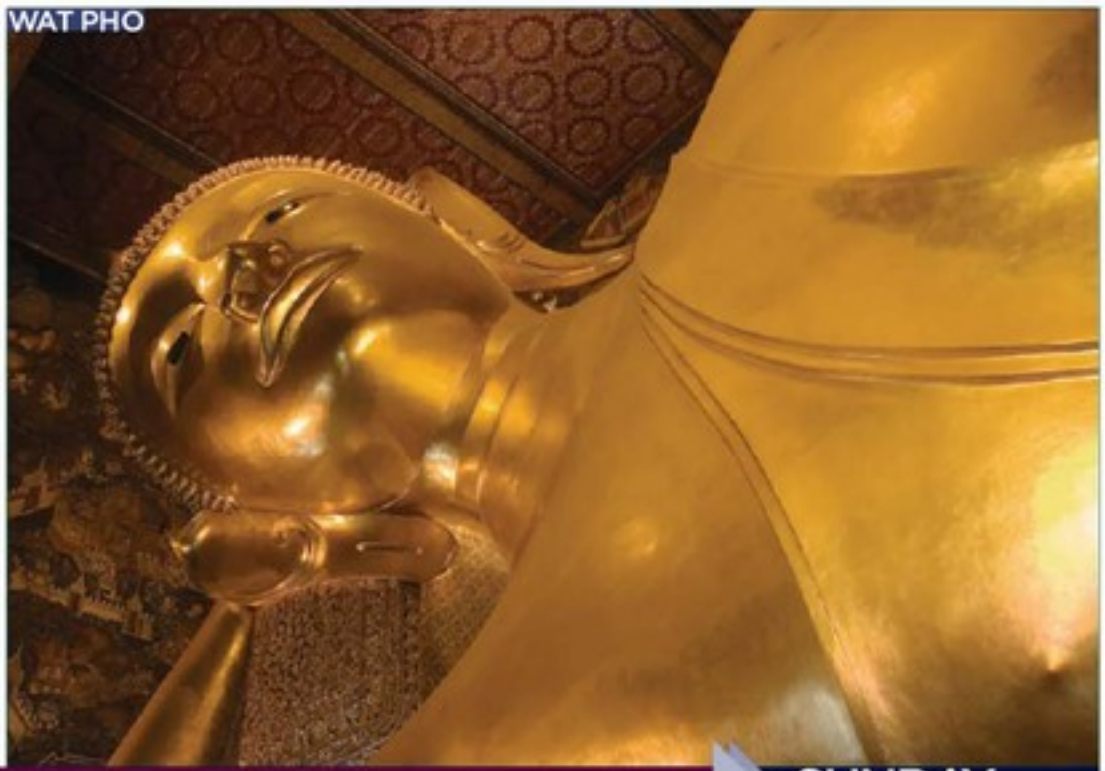
1 Don't let your mom scare you—malaria is not a problem in Thailand. But beware the scam-prone gem dealers.

2 Mass transit blows: The bus routes are incomprehensible, the monorail only serves the city center, and the canal boats are fun but impractical. Túk-túks and motorbike taxis are the best way to speed around town.

3 With few exceptions, Bangkok's bars and clubs close at 1 A.M. Some 7-Elevens sell beer after hours, but they're becoming increasingly rare. Hotels typically sell beer any time, day or night.

4 If there's an official drinking age in Thailand, no one knows what it is.

5 Do not, under any circumstance, insult the king, even jokingly. Yes, he is a bit cross-eyed, but they'll throw you in jail for saying so.



WAT PHO

SUNDAY

8 P.M.

Sky-high dinner

The best way to appreciate Bangkok's chaotic streets is from above, where the air is cool and the túk-túks can't run you down. Grab some grub at the Moon Bar at Vertigo, the Banyan Tree Hotel's open-air rooftop restaurant and bar (21/100 South Sathon Rd.). Its $15 entrees are expensive by Bangkok standards, but the 360-degree view is breathtaking from 61 floors above the sprawling cityscape.

11 P.M.

Pull local

With its two blocks of nightclubs, Royal City Avenue attracts Bangkok's most beautiful women. To pull here, leave the flip-flops back at the guesthouse.

SUNDAY

Fakers' makers

Not only is the massive, indoor Mahboonkrong mall (known simply as "MBK") Bangkok's best source of free air conditioning, it's also a bootlegger's paradise (Corner of Rama I and Phayathai). Sure, there are a few legit vendors within this mega-complex's seven floors. But 99 percent of the name brands are 100 percent fake. Who's complaining? Certainly not the crowds of bargain-hungry locals and foreigners filling their bags with "Diesel" jeans, "IZOD" shirts, bootleg movies, and stolen software. Jeans start at $15, movies at $3, popular software titles and video games at $5. Don't be afraid to negotiate.

THAI BOXING IS A BRUTAL HAND-TO-FOOT COMBAT SPORT THAT ONCE REQUIRED FIGHTERS TO COAT THEIR FISTS WITH GROUND GLASS.

Plastic Fantastic

What do you get when you combine liberal Buddhist sexuality and affordable cosmetic surgery? Thailand: Transsexual Capital of the World. Some ladyboys are obviously boys with fake tits. Others are so convincing that they can work at Patpong, Soi Cowboy, and Nana—as women. Only the employees know for sure. Tip generously and the bartender will help you determine who's who.

Farang Beware

• When checking into a guesthouse, do not allow any local street salesmen to accompany you. The price will be inflated to account for their commission.

• Before hiring a taxi, túk-túk, or motorbike, negotiate the fare in advance. The longest trip across town should cost no more than $3.

• Do not buy drugs on Khao San Road. The dealer will inform the cops, who will then demand bribes. Instead, score from túk-túk drivers.

Unroll Your Own

Joke all you want, but Thai Durex condoms are smaller than international rubbers. If you need to buy Bangkok love-gloves, check the fine print. A "48" means the smaller size, or 48-mm diameter, and a "52" fits the average American amount of packed heat.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (OPENING PAGE) DAVE NORTON/GETTY IMAGE, (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) JOSEF POLLEROSS/REDUX, JAMES POMERANTZ/CORBIS, MIKE KEMP/CORBIS, PAULA BRONSTEIN/GETTY IMAGES

Ultra Sound

Ditch those tinny built-in PC speakers and upgrade to a desktop sound system that'll pump up the volume on your computer and blow your mind, not your tweeter.

By Chuck Tannert
Photographs by Nick Ferrari

THE STYLE SURFER
JBL SPOT
$130

For audio purists, sound quality is the most important characteristic of any speaker system. But let's be honest, most folks care about looks. JBL's Spot subwoofer/satellite system has both. It comes with interchangeable shells or "skins" for the sub and satellites, so you can customize their appearance (black and white wrappers are supplied gratis). Sonically, we were surprised by this tiny 2.1 system's ability to deliver room-filling sound that was rich, clean, and even a bit punchy. Vocals were natural and instrumentals were tonally accurate, even though the bass sounded sloppy. System setup is simple, and the power button, bass control, and connecting wires are discreetly housed at the back of the large subwoofer. These sound pods are like music-pumping art for your desk.

THE GAMER
LOGITECH G51
$200

Video gaming goes with surround sound like peanut butter goes with jelly: You can have one without the other, but it just wouldn't be as good. Consider this 5.1-channel system, for instance. We test-drove it with *Company of Heroes* and were blown away by the sound quality of the frenzied gunfire and cannon blasts. Even the panic in the tank commanders' whispered speech came through. The foreboding, symphonic score was also reproduced with exceptional clarity and bravado. It almost felt like being part of EZ Company.

THE DESKTOP DEEJAY
CREATIVE I-TRIGUE 2300
$50

When desk space is at a premium, a two-piece system is often best. This set looks like mini floor-standing speakers, but it sounds impressively big. Playing music, the 2300s were accurate at low- to medium-volume levels. The mids and highs were rich and detailed. Its BasXport technology, which is supposed to boost the boom, was disappointing, though. And the speakers strain at high volumes, so things sound as if they're being run through a distortion pedal.

THE INNOVATOR
ALTEC LANSING SOUNDBAR FX 3020
$100

This all-in-one solution looks killer hanging from the bottom of a flat-panel monitor. It won't clutter your desktop, and installation is super simple. The Soundbar, however, is an example of form over function: The sonics just aren't that good. The entire soundstage is muddied and hollow, like speaking through cupped hands. And the bass was absent. Too bad, its innovative design could have been really useful in a cramped workspace.

THE LOGITECH BLEW US AWAY WITH THE SOUND QUALITY OF VIDEO-GAME GUNFIRE AND CANNON BLASTS.

Wonder Twins

BMW launches a hot pair of asphalt-carving twins. By Bill Heald

Few manufacturers have worked as hard as BMW when it comes to producing new machinery. This latest effort adds a whole new class of bikes to its line, courtesy of a brace of sporting 800s. The F 800 S and its touring partner, the F 800 ST, feature an engine format that BMW has never used before—the vertical twin. This compact, plucky 85-horsepower mill, built by Austrian engine manufacturer Rotax exclusively for BMW, sports four-valve heads and electronic engine management, and features an interesting first in a production motorcycle. To quell vibration, a swing-action balancing rod knocks out annoying shakes and smooths the twin's power pulses, even at higher revolutions.

This technology is mated to a six-speed transmission and a clean, quiet belt that powers the rear wheel instead of a chain. The F 800 S and the F 800 ST possess a rigid aluminum frame and an under-seat fuel tank for better mass centralization. In addition to the high-performance triple-disc brakes, BMW's excellent antilock system—which the marque's engineers have been perfecting for decades—is available as a factory option. Stout 43-mm front forks and a fully adjustable rear shock handle suspension duties, and a single-sided rear swingarm not only looks cool but also makes wheel changes a snap.

BMW F 800 S SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled twin-cylinder four stroke
Bore x stroke	82 mm x 75 mm
Displacement	798 cc
Fuel system	Intake manifold fuel injection
Ignition	BMW BMS-K engine management
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	43-mm telescopic fork
Rear suspension	Single shock, preload and rebound adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm discs, optional ABS
Rear brake	Single 264-mm disc, optional ABS
Front tire	120/70 17 tubeless
Rear tire	180/55 17 tubeless
Fuel tank	4.1 gallons
Wheelbase	57.7 inches
Seat height	32.3 inches
Dry weight	401 pounds
MSRP	$9,950

A standard steering damper keeps things on track should you blast out of a corner and hit a serious bump while hard on the gas—a situation that can induce a nasty, potentially disastrous wobble in motorcycles with lesser road discipline.

The F 800 S is the sportier of the duo, with a lower, shorter handlebar that promotes a more aggressive riding position, a lower windshield, a smaller fairing to reduce drag, and "speed" wheel design. The ST gets higher handlebars for a more upright riding position, a larger fairing with side panels for more weather protection, a standard luggage rack, and a "dynamic" wheel design. Great options like expandable saddlebags, heated handgrips, and a trip computer add long-haul comfort and versatility to either machine.

BMW held the U.S. press introduction for these bikes in Kona, Hawaii, and the Big Island was the perfect venue for contrasting the S and ST's personalities. Both bikes are light, flickable rides that deliver crisp, smooth power from the new vertical twin and excellent stability when pushed hard. Tropical rain showers demonstrated the value of the ST's better weather protection, while the S's sportier riding position made railing through tight corners a breeze. Amazingly, as fresh as these lightweight twins are, they still have the versatility, comfort, and even the exhaust cadence of a traditional BMW.

BMW F 800 ST SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled twin-cylinder four stroke
Bore x stroke	82 mm x 75 mm
Displacement	798 cc
Fuel system	Intake manifold fuel injection
Ignition	BMW BMS-K engine management
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Rear suspension	Single shock, preload and rebound adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm discs, optional ABS
Rear brake	Single 264-mm disc, optional ABS
Front tire	120/70 17 tubeless
Rear tire	180/55 17 tubeless
Fuel tank	4.1 gallons
Wheelbase	57.7 inches
Seat height	32.3 inches
Dry weight	412 pounds
MSRP	$10,950

BOTH BIKES ARE LIGHT, FLICKABLE RIDES THAT DELIVER GOOD SMOOTH POWER FROM THE NEW VERTICAL TWIN AND EXCELLENT STABILITY WHEN PUSHED HARD.

Wild Rabbit

Four years after Volkswagen first released its ferocious super bunny, the R32 is back—this time with new gears, more guts, and a ride that puts it in a class by itself. By Mike Guy

On a blustery summer day on the German Autobahn, the 2008 Volkswagen R32 bounds through traffic, cutting through a gusty crosswind. The speedometer passes 120, 130, 140. It looks just like its little cousin, the GTI—but when I push the R32 to its chip-mandated top speed of 150 miles per hour, it's evident that this is a very adult version of the teen classic.

The '08 R32 is VW's first update of the $32,000 VR6-powered all-wheel-drive speed demon that debuted four years ago. Wolfsburg has endowed the '08 wth powerful brakes, tweaked the suspension, and goosed the horsepower by ten to 250. And while it doesn't hit the top speed or possess the off-the-line authority of similarly priced hatchback rivals, the Mitsubishi Evo or Subaru WRX, its ride and cabin noise aren't nearly as punishing. There's little doubt: The R32 is the better daily driver.

Beyond the subtle R-line badging, there's scant exterior difference between the R32 and the GTI. It bears all the design hallmarks of the modern VW, namely the increasingly soft rounded grille and quarter panels that make VWs look more and more like an *Apollo 11* space capsule. Most of the R32's distinctiveness comes from what's under the hood and inside the cabin. The doors and seats are coated in leather, and the racing wheel and gearshift have limited-edition R-line accents. The brainiacs in VW's design studios are known for crafting uncanny interiors, and the R32 is a marvel of efficiency.

Now, the bad news: The six-speed manual that was one of the signatures of the 2004 version is no longer available—but the new Direct Shift Gearbox transmission makes a convincing argument (even to manual purists) for the inevitable extinction of the classic shifter. The Direct Shift Gearbox double-clutch transmission that VW/Audi lifted from its Formula One program and introduced in 2005 is still the best Tiptronic tech-

RADICAL UPSHIFTING WAS SEAMLESS, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE, ENVELOPED IN A SMOOTH SURGE OF TORQUE.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Four-passenger coupe
Engine	3.2-liter V-6
Power	250 horsepower
Torque	236 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed automatic; Direct Shift Gearbox (DSG) with sport mode
Suspension	Independent front MacPherson struts; independent multilink rear
Wheelbase	101.5 inches
Tires	18-inch 225/40 R19
Curb weight	3,547 pounds

PERFORMANCE	
0–60 mph	6.4 seconds
Top speed	Approximately 150 mph
Fuel economy	18 mpg city, 23 highway
Price (as tested)	$32,990

nology on any continent.

Still, there is a valid case to be made against the reintroduction of the R32. At almost $33,000, it packs less of a puch than its mini-muscle peers—namely, the aforementioned Evo and WRX—that cost less and provide more horses. (And, the R32 repeats much of the appeal of its not-so-distant cousin, the Audi A3.) So when VW upgraded, why didn't they give it a more generous power boost? What's so great about the R32? The answer is in the ride.

After leaving the Autobahn, we buzz along a winding, forest-lined road. Alternately avoiding drunken cyclists and speed traps, I put the DSG transmission to the test. Radical upshifting was seamless, almost imperceptible, enveloped in a smooth surge of torque.

Overall, it's a playful, powerful, and highly adrenalized ride. When I switch into "sport" mode, the 3.2-liter engine roars and the DSG holds the gears longer, allowing you to plumb the surprising depths of the power band.

VW is only making 5,000 R32s and aficionados have already staked claim over many of them, so if you're looking for a very adult version of a classic teen car, don't wait until you're too old to enjoy it.

Booze to Lose

From time to time you're going to go out and get plastered. Here's everything you need to know so you can get trashed without trashing your waist size. By Abigail Aronofsky Photograph by Nick Ferrari

So, you made a hackneyed resolution to lose weight last year and successfully shelved the Easy Mac and doughnuts. But a funny thing happens when the drinks start flowing: After a couple of stiff ones, your diet resolutions magically sail out the window. This is a mistake, since it really *does* make a difference whether you get sloppy on vodka Red Bulls or vodka sodas (about 110 calories per drink—the equivalent of two Oreos). Though we don't always realize it, alcoholic drinks—especially when you add in the mixers—can easily put your caloric and sugar intake through the roof.

The government doesn't require bottled alcoholic beverages to list nutrition information, and those happy-hour margaritas aren't going to speak for themselves. So we talked to Allan Borushek, author of *The Calorie King Calorie, Fat & Carbohydrate Counter,* to get the scoop on which drinks will kill your diet faster than a couple of extra-value meals. Borushek also has advice on what to order if you want to keep your belt on its current notch. Fortunately, you don't have to give up a good time to drink a little smarter.

The Numbers

If you're on a 2,000-calorie diet, you should consume about 250 grams of carbs daily. For 2,500-calorie diets, 345 grams of carbs.

Calories, carbs (g), and alcohol (g) per standard drink

1 TEQUILA SHOT

(1.5 oz)

Calories:	100
Carbs:	0
Alcohol (g):	14

"The tequila shot is a bit like the gin martini in a sense—essentially the bare bones." So if getting drunk fast without loading up on calories is your goal, tequila shots are a good bet.

2 BACARDI & DIET COKE

(1.5 oz rum, 6 oz mixer)

Calories:	100
Carbs:	0
Alcohol (g):	14

"This is a good choice compared to Bacardi and regular Coke. Using six ounces of regular Coke adds 75 calories."

3 WHITE WINE, DRY

(5 oz)

Calories:	115
Carbs:	3
Alcohol (g):	14

4 RED WINE

(5 oz)

Calories:	120
Carbs:	4
Alcohol (g):	14

"Wines vary considerably, depending on whether they're dry or sweet. You wouldn't need to distinguish between red and white, but a sweeter wine (like a Riesling) has a higher sugar content by a few grams compared to a dry wine (like a Chardonnay). A very dry red wine will only have one or two grams of carbs and 110 calories. A sweeter wine might go up to 125 to 130 calories and four to five grams of carbs. Also, the red wine might give you some antioxidants."

FOOD STYLIST: KAREN TEMPLE

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TEN VODKA RED BULLS AND TEN VODKA SODAS IS ABOUT 1,100 CALORIES.

5 SPARKS
(16 oz can)
Calories: 350
Carbs: 47
Alcohol (g): 23
"You may feel alert for the first hour or so, but as you keep drinking, you can experience a quick energy fadeout as your blood-sugar levels drop—more so if you drink without eating sufficient food. This may cause that yucky, washed-out feeling reported by some drinkers of this type of beverage."

Sparks Light, with 133 calories and 3.3 grams of carbs, may minimize a sugar crash.

6 GIN MARTINI
(3 oz total alcohol)
Calories: 200
Carbs: 0
Alcohol (g): 29
"More elaborate martinis, like apple martinis, will significantly increase the calories and carbs."

7 VODKA SODA
(1.5 oz vodka, 6 oz soda)
Calories: 100
Carbs: 0
Alcohol (g): 14

8 VODKA TONIC
(1.5 oz vodka, 6 oz tonic)
Calories: 165
Carbs: 16
Alcohol (g): 14
"The vodka tonic has a lot more calories and carbs than the vodka soda because tonic water has a high sugar content."

Feeling good because you resisted dessert? One vodka tonic has the same amount of sugar—four teaspoons' worth—as two chocolate-chip cookies, so beware of sweetened mixers like tonic and O.J.

9 SAM ADAMS
4.6% alc (12 oz)
Calories: 170
Carbs: 17
Alcohol (g): 13

10 HEINEKEN
5% alc (12 oz)
Calories: 150
Carbs: 12
Alcohol (g): 14

11 BUD LIGHT
4.2% alc (12 oz)
Calories: 110
Carbs: 7
Alcohol (g): 12
"If you're after a set dose of alcohol to get you in the right mood, then spirits are the better way to go. Beer adds about 50 calories per drink, and carbs are naturally occurring in beer because of the yeast. Full-bodied beers have extra carbs. But if you're only having one, there's not a lot of difference."

12 RED BULL & VODKA
(1.5 oz vodka, 8.3 oz Red Bull)
Calories: 210
Carbs: 28
Alcohol (g): 14
"Caffeine is a stimulant and alcohol is a depressant. Initially you get a buzz; the problem is, you might get the false impression that you are sober and alert—and yet you are as drunk as everyone else. The caffeine in Red Bull may speed up your metabolism by an insignificant amount—but you wouldn't want to use vodka and Red Bull as a weight-loss plan."

To halve the calories, use sugar-free Red Bull. That'll give you 110 calories, three grams of carbs, and 14 grams of alcohol.

Liquid Diet

It's not only *what* you drink, it's how much and with what. You know how your craving for pizza increases exponentially between the states of tipsy and piss-drunk? Alcohol can interfere with your appetite-satiety sense, meaning you lose track of when you're full—so after finishing off a six-pack, you're liable to end up scarfing the whole pizza.

Then, because alcohol is a toxin, your body metabolizes the gin and tonics instead of the glucose and fat in the Sicilian slice. So drink all you want, but try to avoid a late-night fast-food binge.

golden state

Twenty-five-year-old Sandy Summers has traded the wholesome theme parks of her Orlando childhood for the more grown-up thrills of Beverly Hills.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

"I absolutely love modeling and getting naked for the camera. But when it's time to get another job, I'd like to be the CEO of a big company so I can tell people what to do."

Sandy

"The most daring place I've had sex was on a balcony of a high-rise. I loved looking around and seeing people watching us in every direction."

"My ideal man is tall, dark, handsome, and an architect. Like I said, I have a thing for big buildings, and I'm hoping to have many repeat performances."

Sandy

"I have fairly simple tastes. I enjoy swimming, shopping, and movies, and a perfect date is just a romantic dinner, a walk on the beach, and hot and sweaty sex."

"My fantasy is to have a three-way with a guy and another girl—maybe a sexy brunette like Angelina Jolie. I'll make sure it happens someday soon."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. TO SEE MORE OF SANDY, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/SANDYSUMMERS.

Ditch the Kickers?

They hold too much sway in football. Maybe it's time to give them the boot.

For the first 59 minutes of a football game, the big, tough, athletic guys in the trenches and the backfields spill blood and sweat for the win—until the 60th minute, when a spindly little kicker trots out to decide it. As Adam Sandler once sang ("If I shanked one / And blew the point spread / Some drunk guys would push me into their hibachi"), the kicker's small but crucial role has made him a lonely guy who's very isolated from—if not openly ridiculed by—his peers.

This wasn't always the case. In the old days, when football was a closer cousin to rugby, there was no such thing as a full-time kicker. Kicking was more integrated into the game—an 11-on-11 affair with few substitutions—and several players on the team might be called upon to kick an extra point, a field goal, or a punt. That started to change in the forties and fifties, and in 1965, the *Sporting News* was moved to marvel at the "kick specialist" who was "paid anywhere from $10,000 to $20,000 for four months' work, just for putting the ball out on the opponents' two-yard line, or booting a 45-yard field goal."

> The kicking game in football is more arbitrary than the penalty shoot-out in soccer.

Of course, nowadays, that "kick specialist" has evolved into three specialists—a punter, a kickoff man, and a field-goal kicker. And since we're in the NFL's age of parity—nearly half of the past decade's games have been decided by seven points or fewer, and almost one-quarter of them by three points or fewer—the kicker's narrow role has taken on disproportionate importance. The outcome of too many games literally rides on his foot. How does this make sense? It's more arbitrary than a penalty shoot-out in soccer.

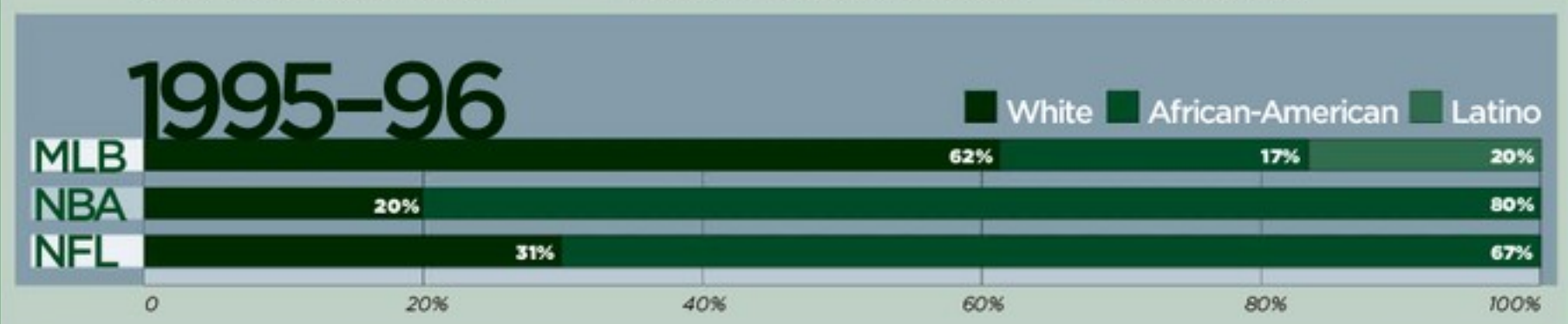
So why don't we admit that kicking has evolved into something counter to the spirit of the game and eliminate it? We can keep punts and kickoffs, as they provide their share of thrills (long returns, fakes, onside kicks), and use the two-point conversion after touchdowns instead of the extra-point kick—thereby eliminating the lamest scoring play in sports in favor of a genuinely exciting one.

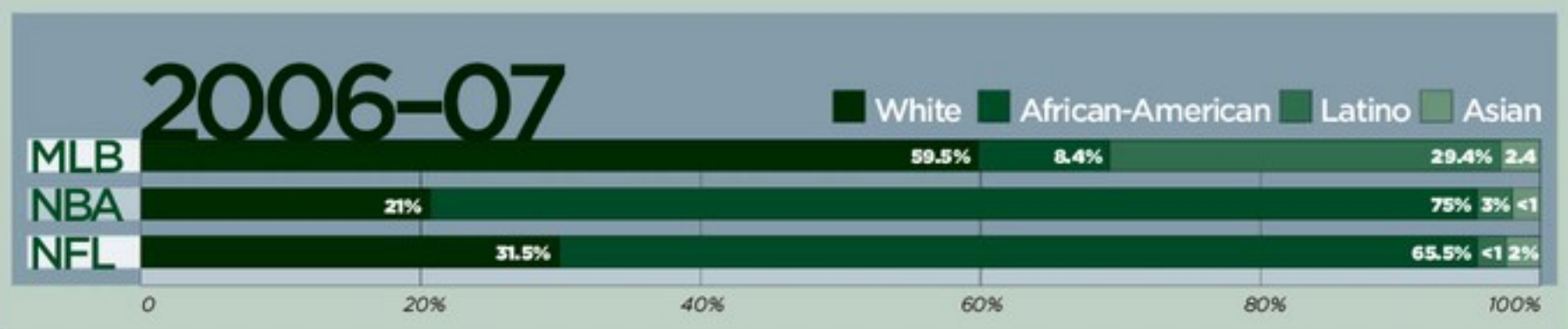
And all the placekickers could return to their true calling: soccer.

Race to the Top

Charting the racial makeup of pro sports

In 1975, the percentage of African-Americans in MLB hovered around 27. For reasons that vary depending on whom you ask—some cite lack of access to facilities, others the cost of equipment or the rise of football and basketball in recent decades—that percentage has dropped off dramatically. Compare the numbers, below, with the racial composition of other major sports during the past decade (data courtesy of the University of Central Florida's Racial and Gender Report Card).





PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN DANIEL/GETTY IMAGES. OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT) RODRICK COX, RICHARD AVERY, GEORGE GOJKOVICH/GETTY IMAGES

Penthouse Top 5 Extinct Accessories

The equipment, styles, and accoutrements in sports come and go so quickly, you forget they were ever part of the landscape. Here are a few worth recalling:

1 BREATHE RIGHT NASAL STRIPS
These were ubiquitous in the late 1990s to widen nasal passages for more oxygen intake. Now? They keep chronic snorers from waking up cranky spouses.

2 PUMP-UP BASKETBALL SHOES
Reebok issued these in 1989, and Dee Brown won the 1991 NBA Slam Dunk contest in a pair. And like Brown, they're still out there, somewhere.

3 BAREFOOT KICKERS
Not an accessory, exactly, but the *absence* of one. There were handfuls of barefoot kickers back in the day; where did all the Shoeless Joes go? Maybe they realized that footwear is useful at Lambeau in January.

4 BLACK SOCCER CLEATS
Multicolored cleats have taken over. Watch a game and you'll see every color from blue to red to yellow, and silver and white—but precious few in solid black.

5 TEAR-AWAY JERSEYS
Tear-away shirts once flourished as a means of thwarting jersey-tacklers. Citing costs, the NFL banned them in 1979, and the NCAA followed suit in '82.

Race across Scotland by foot, whitewater raft, mountain bike, rage buggy, power boat, and canoe.

Drambuie Pursuit

Think you can handle a ten-stage race in the rugged Scottish Highlands? Penthouse Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven wants to know.

Picture *The Amazing Race* transported to the Scottish Highlands. Throw in a snifter of Scottish liqueur and you pretty much have the Drambuie Pursuit. But you don't have to imagine it—you can go one better and participate in it. Next year, *Penthouse* is sending a team to *Braveheart* country to compete in the ten-stage race from the Isle of Skye to Inverness, tracing the route that British exile Bonnie Prince Charlie took during his legendary flight from the English in the 1740s.

Like the bonny prince, who used several modes of transportation—including Flora McDonald's small boat, in which he traveled disguised as her maid—Drambuie Pursuit contestants race by foot, whitewater raft, mountain bike, rage buggy, power boat, rappelling, and canoe. So far, Team Penthouse consists of 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven, a *Penthouse* editor, and possibly you. The grand prize is an all-expenses-paid trip to the Monaco Grand Prix.

For details, go to Penthouse.com/DrambuiePursuit. And start getting fit now: This race is no joke, and Heather will accept nothing less than a first-place finish.

Join 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven (right) in Scotland, but be warned: She's expecting results.

Penthouse Hall of Fame

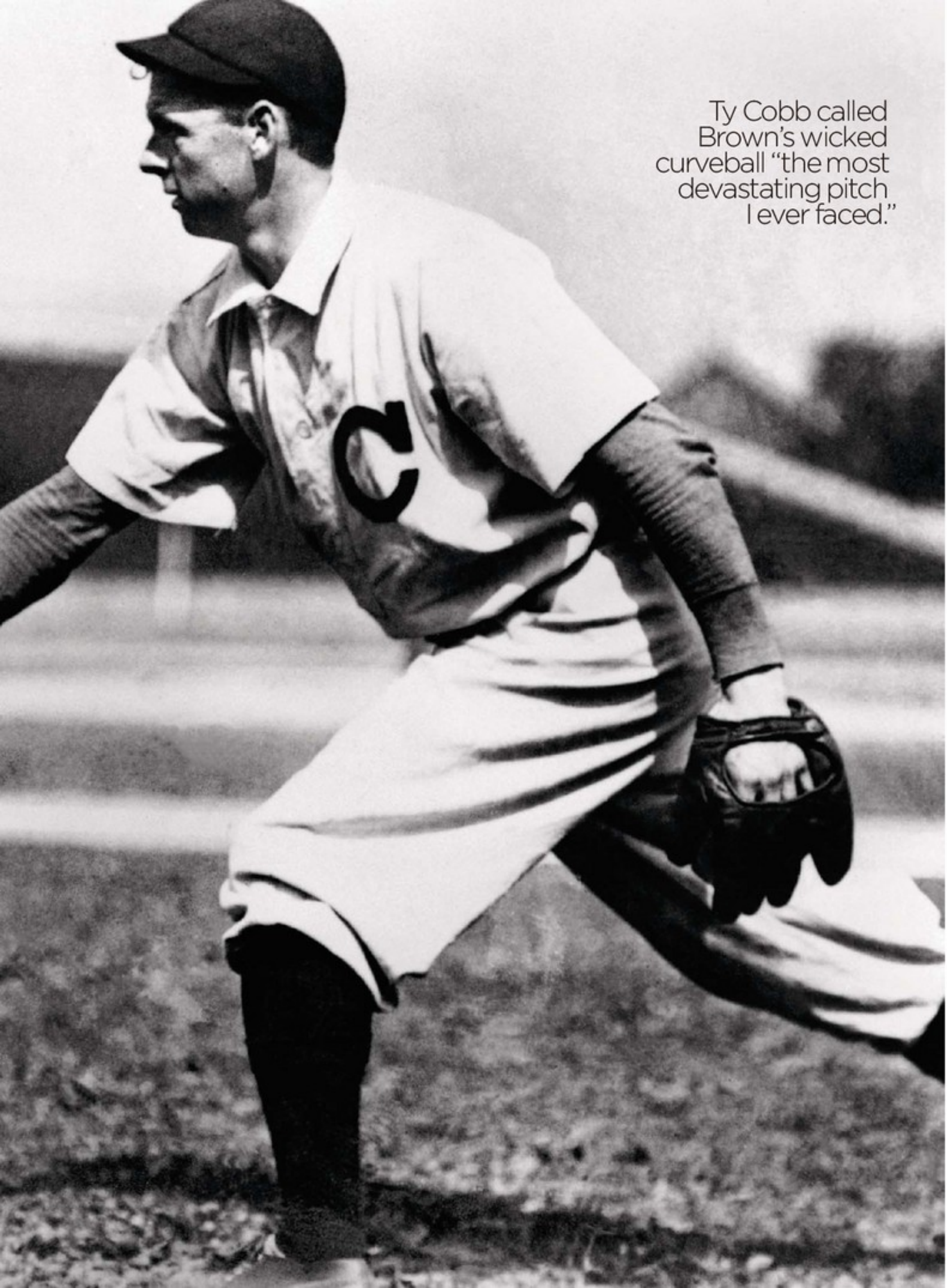
Despite—or maybe because of—a gnarly childhood injury, Mordecai "Three Finger" Brown became a baseball legend.

His story is such a triumph over adversity, it could've come from Horatio Alger. At the age of seven, Brown lost his right index finger to the maw of a corn shredder on the family farm. The accident also permanently damaged his right thumb and pinkie finger. Weeks later, while chasing a hog (no, really), Brown fell and broke the third and fourth fingers on the same hand. The bones didn't heal properly, as you can see in these photos.

The injury didn't exclude Brown from eventual baseball stardom, but he did have to do several years in the western Indiana coal mines before he harnessed the wicked topspin that his unique grip put on the ball.

Once he honed his technique, he ascended from the minors in Terre Haute to the bigs in St. Louis. In 1908, Brown went 29-9 and led the Cubs to the World Series title. His given name was Mordecai Peter Centennial Brown, and it holds even more resonance at Wrigley today, as the Cubs approach a centennial of their own: 100 years without a title. They could use another guy like him.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF (FROM LEFT) CHICAGO HISTORY MUSEUM, NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME LIBRARY/MLB



Ty Cobb called Brown's wicked curveball "the most devastating pitch I ever faced."

pigskin poetry

Get the skinny on all 32 NFL teams—in rhymed verse, no less—along with playoff picks, bold predictions, and a scientific method for picking sleeper teams.

By Kevin Hench

Last season, the New England Patriots came within a first down of making their fourth trip to the Super Bowl in six years, and since then they've added Adalius Thomas, Donté Stallworth, Wes Welker, and a guy named Randy Moss.

After the moves, football pundits promptly fell all over themselves to, as departed Arizona Cardinals coach Denny Green might say, "crown their asses."

Not so fast, we say.

The San Diego Chargers, who went 14-2 last season and entered the playoffs as the AFC's top seed, will be even better this season. Quarterback Philip Rivers has one season as the Man under his belt, the Bolts had a good draft—snagging speedy LSU receiver Craig Davis and talented Utah safety Eric Weddle—and, perhaps most important, they dumped coach and playoff albatross Marty Schottenheimer.

Sure, they lost at home to the Patriots in last year's playoffs, but anyone who watched that game knows the better team did not win—and it says here that this year will be different for San Diego.

But more on that later. First, let's look at how the divisions will shape up. And since the looming football season always stirs our souls, we decided to wax poetic with our picks.

AFC

East

NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS (13-3)

No complacency for Patriot bosses / In adding Stallworths, Welkers, and Mosses / To put underneath Tom Brady's tosses / It's hard to imagine too many losses.

NEW YORK JETS (11-5)

Improving daily with every revision / Mangini vindicated by every decision / His team rebuilt with perfect precision / Tough shit they play in this division.

BUFFALO BILLS (5-11)

Moving the ball was such a chore / So few possessions ended with a score / What do you think waits in store / With their best offensive weapon down in Baltimore?

MIAMI DOLPHINS (4-12)

A looming disaster in aquamarine / With Saban fleeing his own crime scene / Wins will be few and far between / For 37-year-old Trent Green.

North

PITTSBURGH STEELERS (10-6)

So much has changed between now and then / The '05 champs have lost good men / Will they be back in the playoffs again? / Mike Tomlin prays for a healthy Big Ben.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP) DAVE KAUP/REUTERS, GEORGE GOJKOVICH/GETTY IMAGES, ROB TRINGALI/SPORTSCHROME/GETTY IMAGES

By season's end, Tomlinson will have made himself a part of every conversation about the greatest running backs of all time.

BALTIMORE RAVENS (10-6)

So much expected of Air McNair / But the D still did more than its fair share / If Willis McGahee goes on a tear / The AFC North had better beware.

CINCINNATI BENGALS (9-7)

Palmer bounced back from under the knife / Only to endure a season of strife / With talented dudes the roster is rife / And fewer of those who led the thug life.

CLEVELAND BROWNS (4-12)

So much to fix, where to begin? / Another year taking it on the chin / With three losses for every win / Romeo won't be saved by the Mighty Quinn.

South

INDIANAPOLIS COLTS (11-5)

In previous playoffs, the Colts became foals / Falling far short of their postseason goals / But they might make it back-to-back Bowls / If they can only plug those free-agency holes.

HOUSTON TEXANS (5-11)

"Why us?" Texan fans sob / On the verge of becoming an angry mob / Any chance GM Smith will keep his job / After pinning the team's hopes on Matt Schaub?

TENNESSEE TITANS (9-7)

Oh so tired of eating the Colts' dust / They won't be distracted by Pacman's next bust / They enter '07 on an upward thrust / Titan Nation, in Vince they now trust.

JACKSONVILLE JAGUARS (7-9)

Two years ago a 12-win crew / Faded down the stretch without much ado / QB problems are nothing new / And not much help for Maurice Jones-Drew.

West

SAN DIEGO CHARGERS (14-2)

The Bolts reign above the rest / LT and Lights Out, clearly the best / For opposing foes, no sterner test / They'll be looking down at the AFC West.

DENVER BRONCOS (10-6)

Hopes are soaring a mile high / With the additions of Travis Henry and Dre' Bly / But unless the odds they somehow defy / It's for a wild card they'll vie.

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS (7-9)

With Shields and Roaf no longer throwing blocks / It's time to sell your K.C. stocks / And the limited Huard behind a line on the rocks / Means L. J. will see eight men in the box.

OAKLAND RAIDERS (2-14)

Seventy-two times the line allowed sacks / Stopping the offense dead in its tracks / So welcome JaMarcus to the Silver and Black / You'll spend your apprenticeship flat on your back.

NFC

Last year, Grossman threw almost as many interceptions (20) as touchdowns (23) and finished with a QB rating of 73.9, but the Bears still made it to the Super Bowl. Don't expect that to happen again.

East

DALLAS COWBOYS (10-6)

The Tuna is gone but T.O. remains / With a full season of Romo at the reins / Owens should keep on moving the chains / And leave Wade Phillips to lead the league in migraines.

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES (9-7)

Donovan McNabb is back to lead / Brian Westbrook still built for speed / And Takeo Spikes addresses a need / The season a respite for weary dad Reid.

NEW YORK GIANTS (6-10)

Start spreading the news / The G-men will have the post-Tiki blues / As Coughlin bitterly turns the screws / They'll surely win far less than they lose.

WASHINGTON REDSKINS (5-11)

Gibbs will once more the sidelines be pacing / But after a 5-11 reputation disgracing / Some cold hard facts just need facing / It's time for the coach to focus on racing.

North

CHICAGO BEARS (11-5)

The Midway's monsters muscles they flex / A loaded D stacked with lats, traps, and pecs / But one question in Chi-Town continues to vex / How long can they carry a QB named Rex?

DETROIT LIONS (7-9)

The receivers are ready and willin' / To make a weekly red-zone killin' / But if Ford Field seats ain't fillin' / We'll finally say bye to Matt Millen.

MINNESOTA VIKINGS (6-10)

Dumping Culpepper wasn't so rash / Saved the team a (love) boatload of cash / But plucking quarterbacks out of the trash / Will put gray hairs in Childress's 'stache.

GREEN BAY PACKERS (3-13)

The legendary QB is starting to wheeze / Asking management for a little help, please / Last year's 8-8 a deceiving tease / For fans in hats shaped like wedges of cheese.

South

NEW ORLEANS SAINTS (14-2)

For far too long the league's caboose / Payton has turned these Saints loose / With sets and schemes beyond abstruse / No one will stop Drew, Reggie, and Deuce.

CAROLINA PANTHERS (8-8)

Long searching for someone to pair with / The mini but mighty receiver Steve Smith / They found a six-four wideout more man than myth / As Dwayne Jarrett fell all the way to 45th.

TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS (6-10)

First-round pick Adams should provide sacks / As they try to retrace their '05 tracks / And recapture the rookie magic of Cadillac's / But first Gru must choose one of three quarterbacks.

ATLANTA FALCONS (6-10)

In Petrino's bag, you'll find every trick / For making a passing offense click / But can he teach coach-killer Vick / That dogfighting makes the rest of us sick?

West

SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS (11-5)

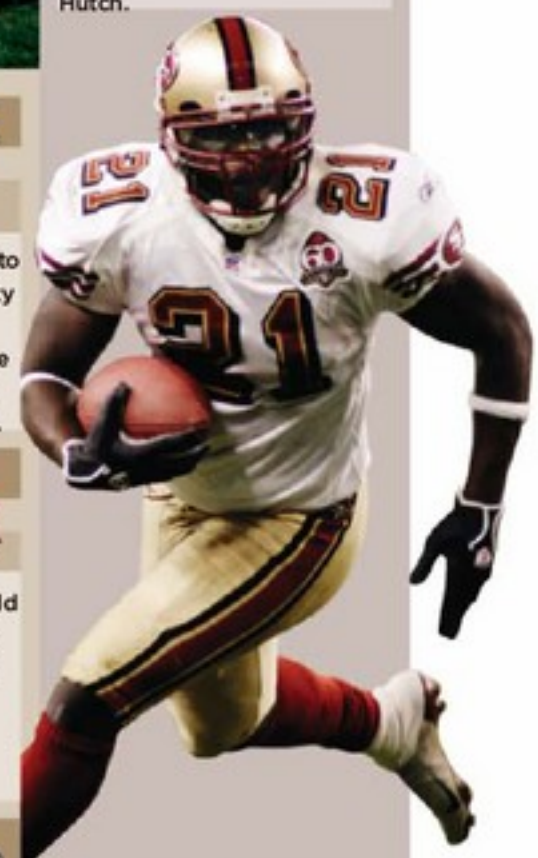
Lately a hard team for which to root / But after landing Clements with a pile of loot / And D-Jax and P-Will on draft day to boot / The team looks as good as its coach in a suit.

ST. LOUIS RAMS (9-7)

Holt and Jackson are fantasy studs / Providing fireworks in the city of suds / If only the D didn't stand for *duds* / There'd be a division crown for these blossoming buds.

SEATTLE SEAHAWKS (9-7)

The question the front office would rather not touch / Could a left guard really matter this much? / Like a one-legged man missing a crutch / Ask Alexander if he still misses Hutch.



ARIZONA CARDINALS (5-11)

They huff and puff, groan and grunt / But remain the division's littlest runt / Too many drives end with a punt / Will that change under Ken Whisenhunt?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) ELIOT J. SCHECHTER/GETTY IMAGES; (BOTTOM) AP

Playoff Picture

Norv Turner might not instill a ton of confidence in San Diego fans, but his greatest quality come the playoffs will be that he is not Marty Schottenheimer. The Colts-Patriots playoff rivalry will revert to form; and in the NFC, the Niners will make some noise before thudding back to earth against the Saints, who will resume last year's feel-good story.

AFC WILD-CARD ROUND

Colts beat Ravens

Steelers beat Jets

NFC WILD-CARD ROUND

Cowboys beat Rams

Niners beat Eagles

AFC DIVISIONAL ROUND

Patriots beat Colts

Chargers beat Steelers

NFC DIVISIONAL ROUND

Saints beat Cowboys

Niners beat Bears

AFC TITLE GAME

Chargers 27, Patriots 24

NFC TITLE GAME

Saints 35, Niners 17

SUPER BOWL XLII

Chargers 38, Saints 34

LT has killed the Pats everywhere but on the scoreboard in his career. This year, he'll add a win to his gaudy stats and reach his first Super Bowl.

While SF coach Nolan focuses on containing Drew Brees, Deuce McAllister and Reggie Bush will run wild, ending the Niners' bounce-back season.

San Diego general manager A. J. Smith is vindicated as Philip Rivers goes toe-to-toe with Brees—whom he backed up in San Diego for two years—and the Bolts prevail. After Tomlinson wins the MVP, he'll join Jim Brown and Walter Payton in every conversation about the greatest running backs of all time.

Wes Welker—not the team's other new receivers, Randy Moss, Donté Stallworth, or Kelley Washington—will lead the Patriots in receptions.

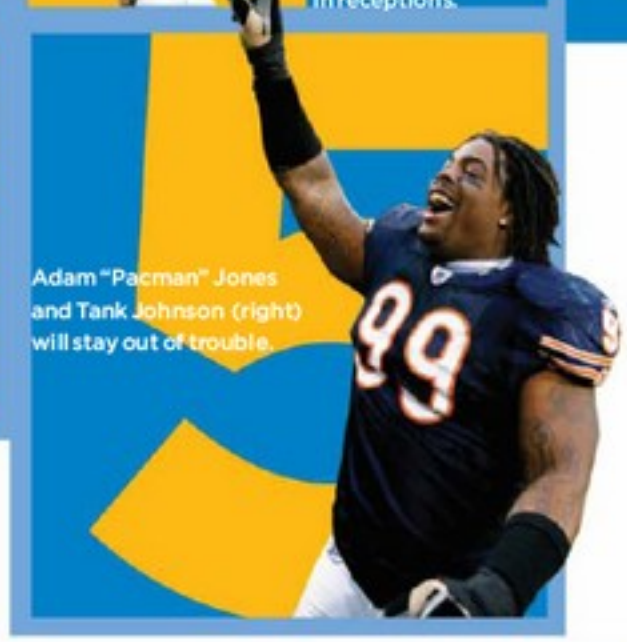
Five Bold Predictions for the 2007–08 NFL Season

HANDICAPPING THE HIGHLIGHTS TO BE IN THE NFL. BY PETER SCHRAGER

Chiefs coach Herm Edwards will become a national celebrity after his four-week run as the star of the HBO training-camp reality series, *Hard Knocks*. Who needs Paulie Walnuts?

Daunted by the unshakable poise of the guards he witnesses at Buckingham Palace the day before, Eli Manning will lose focus for the Giants-Dolphins game at London's Wembley Stadium; Miami will cruise to victory.

Jay Cutler (left) and Matt Leinart will have far better sophomore seasons than Vince Young. The *Madden* curse will be blamed, but it's really the "my top receiver and RB left via free agency and our best defensive player couldn't stop throwing money at strippers in the off-season" curse.



Adam "Pacman" Jones and Tank Johnson (right) will stay out of trouble.

Anatomy of a Sleeper Team

PENTHOUSE FOOTBALL EXPERT PETER SCHRAGER CALLED LAST YEAR'S RISE OF THE SAINTS AND THE CHARGERS (3-13 AND 8-8, RESPECTIVELY, IN 2005–06). HERE'S HOW HE DID IT.

Make no mistake, there's a science to picking an NFL sleeper team. You don't just throw a few darts at a board. In fact, after years of chalkboard toil, I've broken it down to a complex but fail-safe formula. It looks like this:

Strength of schedule (x2) + off-season upgrades at key positions (x2) +/- off-season coaching changes (x2) +/- pressure on coach (depending on how coach responds to pressure) – preseason media "sleeper" buzz (x2) + missed playoffs last season – Eli Manning at quarterback + budding superstars at key positions about to hit their stride – player on cover of *Madden*, *Sports Illustrated*, or part of Campbell's soup ad.

Got it? Good. Now here are the teams that came up when I applied it this year:

Arizona Cardinals

The Cards have the weakest schedule in the NFL—their 16 opponents had a combined record of 118-138 last season. And Matt Leinart is a potential superstar ready to hit his stride. Come season's end, look for him in the Pro Bowl and the Cards in the playoffs.

Tampa Bay Buccaneers

A new QB who's a proven winner (Jeff Garcia), a new defense (Cato June, Ryan Sims), and rookies ready to make an impact (Gaines Adams, Sabby Piscitelli): Don't count out the Bucs. And Tampa brass will tell you otherwise, but Jon Gruden's job is on the line this year.

Denver Broncos

Denver narrowly missed the '07 playoffs. They added a Pro Bowl RB (Travis Henry) and a new D-line. Ten wins or bust!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (NUMERICAL ORDER) AP, CHRIS MCGRATH/GETTY IMAGES, BRIAN BAHR/GETTY IMAGES, AP, DAVID STLUKA/GETTY IMAGES

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An on-air war with Howard Stern left the author open to abuse. Howard's fans

My first contact with Howard Stern occurred 18 years ago. We spoke the morning the *New York Post* printed an item about a backstage brawl I'd had with the now-late comic Sam Kinison. Howard found it amusing that the notorious comedian would attack me, a New Jersey freebie-magazine scribe. So in true shock-jock fashion, he tried to reunite Kinison and myself on-air. It never happened—Kinison died in a car crash shortly after our scuffle—but the incident got me in with Stern. For the next two decades, I made sure I was awake at dawn's crack to provide the nation's top-rated radio show with outrageous celebrity gossip. (Jason Priestley getting tossed from an NYC strip club is a personal favorite.) Stern couldn't seem to get enough of me. Until, suddenly, he could.

In 2004, I was offered the chance to audition to replace Howard's sidekick, Stuttering John Melendez. During my weeklong tryout, I made a total ass out of myself in an unsuccessful bid to win the votes of Howard's fans. I worked on such bits as "the Harlem Ho Beauty Pageant" and a reunion between Beetlejuice (Stern's mentally and vertically challenged guest) and his similarly afflicted sister. Then, after five straight mornings of ridicule, I hit my breaking point. With more than 17 million listeners tuned in, I broke down and cried like a baby. It made great radio.

After two years of silence, I went on Fox News and criticized Stern's move to Sirius Satellite Radio. The next day, Stern declared war on me. His outrage sparked a hate campaign that continues as I write this. I receive frequent (grammatically butchered) death threats and around 25 messages every day to "go fuck" myself. If you've ever doubted the loyalty or ferocity of Howard's fans, read on. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do.

Write and Wrong ...

If and when I see you... I will kill you. Enjoy your day.

Not unlike a jilted lover has one acted so dishonestly, so visciously, and so unscrupulously. Howard cast you aside because he FINALLY saw you for what we all knew you to be: a sniveling little bootlicking lying shit-eater who will do anything to gain entrance to the inner circle. My heart would sink everytime he put you on the air and the last few months to a year when I noticed he didn't, I was never happier. You're just a zero, Chauncé, a nothing, a nonentity. I personally wish you no physical harm but if some psycho fan decides to take it upon himself to turn you inside out, I won't be surprised, because you know what?? YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF.
Sincerely yours,
Martin S.

Scumbag, Liar, Douche Bag! Hope the next headline I read is that you put a bullet in your head. Try telling the truth just once, you attention whore.

were happy to oblige.

You've got to be fucking kidding, right?

What the hell was all that with Fox ... with the claims ... with the accusations ... with the bullshit? You actually want us to believe that crap? What are you, stoned? Or are the tampons too tight? That is some of the most dainty tantrumous whining I've ever heard ... AND IT CAME FROM A MAN!? (or what is purported to be a man?) Chauncé, BELIEVE me ... you ain't no man!

In case you've forgotten, let me remind you: The world has still not forgotten the day you cried like a little girl all because you didn't "win John's job." Grow up, non-man ...
rams, New Hampshire

Just want to let you know that you are the biggest piece of shit on the planet. You are an ungrateful dick. The fans will crucify you in NY.

Chauncé,
You're the fucking scum of the earth, dude. The whole reason anyone knows who your whiny, sniveling ass is is because Howard let your vomit-inducing ass to pollute his airwaves. You have been a traitorous scumbag from day one. You call yourself a journalist?? You make shit up. You assume or imply delusional thoughts. You do not cite your sources and you can never back up any of your claims. You can't even spell, retard. You are the very epitome of what journalists should NOT aspire to be. You are in with the likes of Jeff Gannon ... remember him?? Like Gannon, you print and run off at the mouth about things you know nothing about. Like Gannon, you have a hidden agenda, in his case it was to promote corrupt ideals, yours is to promote yourself and your stupid cat-box liner of a magazine. Like Gannon, you are a fucking ham-slamming faggot with pictures of your dirty, crusty corn-kerneled ass on the internet, you crying little bitch! No wonder your smackhead girlfriend had to self-medicate and ended up OD'ing. I would certainly do the same if I was in her shoes. Next time I see you in Jersey City I just might break your jaw. After all, it won't kill you but it might make you stronger.... Right Chauncé?

Please die of cancer ... a heart attack would be much to easy and quick. I want your death to be very slow and very, very painful. I want you to know each moment of pain and how much hate so many people have for you. I want you feel it ... live it ... embrace it. We hate you Hayden. We all hate you and I hope you die of colon cancer. This way when you shit your lies, you feel the death rattle almost upon you.
Love Mom

Who on the planet would even know the name Chauncé Hayden, were it not for Howard Stern. Yet you use Howard's name one more time, to get your lame ass onto the Fox network to spew bullshit lies. What a cunt. What a loser. What a useless turncoat shitface. Enjoy the rest of your miserable life, you tattooed asshole. You have really fucked yourself in the shitter this time. HAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHA....

P.S. You have such a fag name.

You are a freaking idiot to turn on Howard Stern. I heard your comments on Fox and I couldn't believe it. You come off as a jealous, contemptuous piece of crap. You are a talentless butt pirate who knows nothing about keeping an audience on the radio. I have heard your show and you suck. I hope you have received one million of these. I am sure you have. Do a story on Iraq like Geraldo and go over there and get shot, retard.

The True-Life Adventures of Captain Morgan

When we last saw him, Tracy Morgan had a (near) hit sitcom, the role of his life (literally), and the authorities on his tail. In this exciting episode, he struggles with sobriety, racism, and the kind of jewelry that doesn't come off. Can he sober up and still have the time of his life? By Kevin Hench

Photographs by Amanda Marsalis

Like trying to divine if an Escher staircase is going up or down or where indigo becomes violet, determining where Tracy Morgan ends and his *30 Rock* alter ego, Tracy Jordan, begins can be a confounding exercise.

This, of course, is by design.

As *30 Rock* returns for its second season on NBC, it is a beacon of hope, the network entry arguing most convincingly against the impending extinction of the half-hour comedy. And Tracy Morgan is a big reason why.

When *30 Rock* creator Tina Fey started turning her life as head writer of *Saturday Night Live* into a sitcom, she didn't have to look far to find the star of her show-within-a-show. She understood from working with him at *SNL* that the most endearingly bizarre character in Tracy Morgan's comedy arsenal—more than Astronaut Jones, "Safari Planet" host Brian Fellow, or Woodrow the homeless lothario—was Morgan himself.

So seemingly all of Morgan's real-life peccadilloes, including public shirtlessness, spontaneous interpretive dancing, and unprompted soulful crooning, were also employed by his alter ego on the first brilliant, largely underappreciated season of *30 Rock*. But surely there must be some gaps between the loopy, free-associating performer who rose to fame on *Saturday Night Live* and the nutty narcissist who anchors *TGS With Tracy Jordan*.

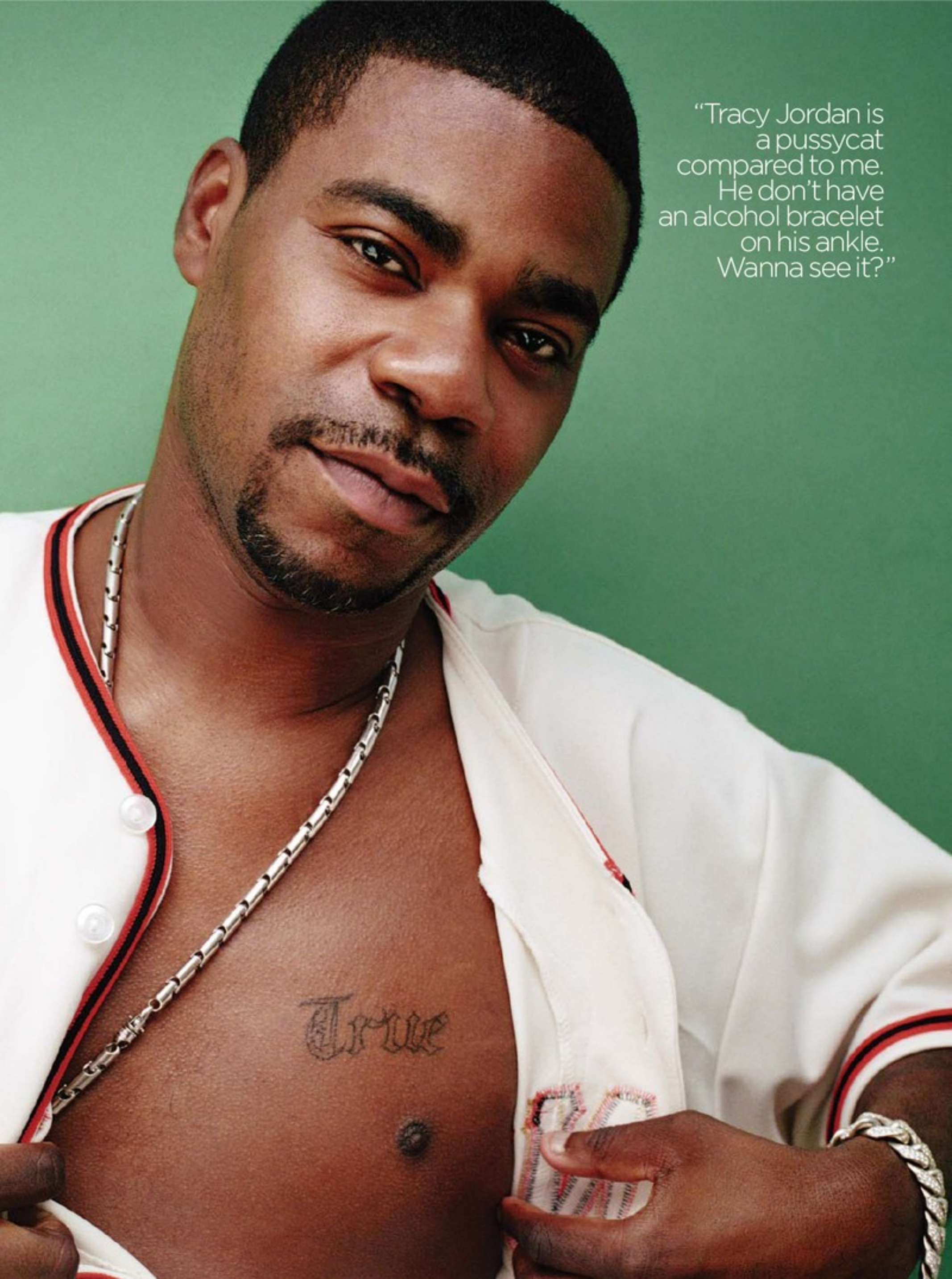
"Tracy Jordan is a pussycat compared to Tracy Morgan," the actor says, kicking back in a semiprivate alcove off the lobby of his West Hollywood hotel. "Tracy Jordan don't have an alcohol bracelet on his ankle. Wanna see it?"

And there it is.

I hadn't planned on hitting upon Morgan's two drunk-driving arrests until later, but we're barely a minute into the interview and the subject has been put on the table. Literally.

Once his pant leg is hiked up and the bizarre contraption—picture a pager on each side of his ankle connected by a strap—is on full display, it would be unwise, rude even, to avoid the subject.

Morgan explains how the device tests his skin for alcohol vapors every 30 minutes. He does not seem at all put off by the high-tech shackle, which will alert the authorities should he leap off the wagon, earning him an additional 90 days with the



"Tracy Jordan is a pussycat compared to me. He don't have an alcohol bracelet on his ankle. Wanna see it?"

cumbersome accessory. A second infraction would result in jail time.

"I don't see it as punishment," he says. "I see it as treatment."

The lack of self-consciousness with which Morgan has not only addressed the elephant in the room but saddled it up and rode it for all its worth reminds me of his character's first dialogue at a lunch meeting with his new boss, Fey's Liz Lemon.

Jordan: "I'll have an apple juice."

Waiter: "Oh, we don't have apple juice, sir."

Jordan: "Then I'll take a vodka and tonic."

Fey has written Jordan as a hard-drinking, pants-dropping, after-after-after-party-hopping strip-club devotee. "When I read the pilot," Morgan recalls, "I said, 'Hey, that's sorta like me.' "

But when it comes to the booze, Morgan says he and his character will have to part ways. Last November, one year after a drunk-driving arrest in Hollywood, Morgan was pulled over in his Escalade for weaving along New York's Henry Hudson Parkway at 4:30 in the morning. He'd gotten star treatment before. "I've had my passes," he says. "I've had police officers say, 'Go on, get outta here.' This was just one of those nights when it wasn't happening."

Morgan takes it as a sign. "The second DUI was God's way of saying 'slow down,' " he says, lowering his leg back to the floor. "I got to focus on what I want. And what I want is sobriety."

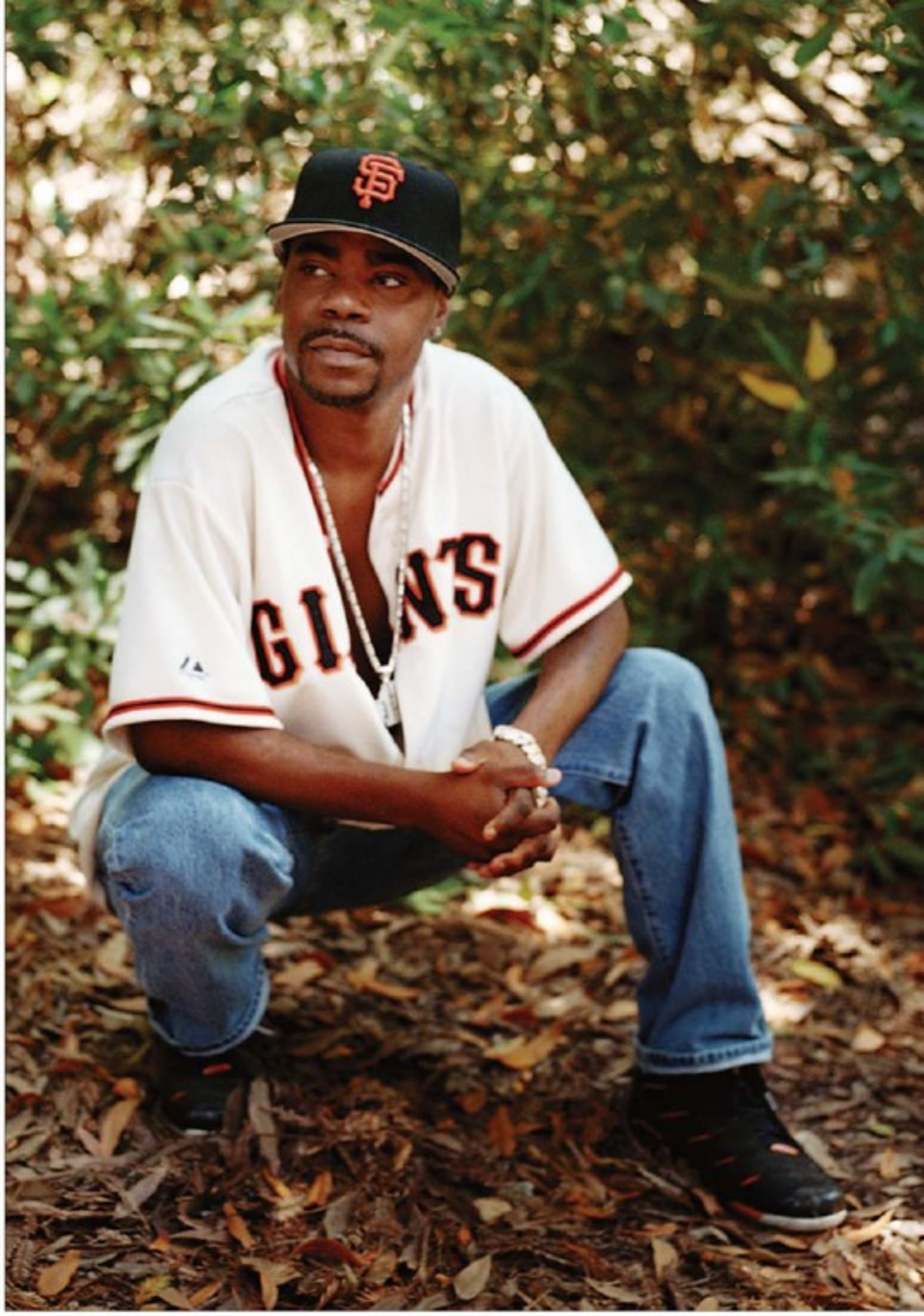
He insists that his sobriety, while court-mandated, will survive the anklet, which was scheduled to come off August 13—whether they're serving apple juice or not.

"It's all mind over matter," he explains. "I'm a tough kid. That's how I made it out of the ghetto with all that crime and shit all around me. I'm not crying about it; I'm gonna man up. I'm starting to really live."

But unlike his *30 Rock* character, who panicked when a celebrity weekly branded him "normal," Morgan isn't worried that sobriety will erode his reputation.

"I'm 38 years old; I'm from Bed-Stuy, Brooklyn; that's never going to go nowhere," he says. "I still enjoy my success, but without the alcohol."

Sober or not, Morgan is in little danger of normalcy. "Most guys who stop drinking—like Hasselhoff or Mel Gibson—they're fairly normal when they're off the sauce," says Adam Carolla, one of the executive



producers of *Crank Yankers*, on which Morgan dazzled as Spoonie Luv. "Not Tracy. He's the same, maybe worse, minus the booze. He should have a bracelet that *makes* him drink, that actually seeps alcohol into his system."

Morgan's costar Scott Adsit, who plays Producer Pete, has seen his eccentricity up close on-set. "You'll be minding your own business and you'll hear a lovely woman's voice singing some seventies ballad, like "Please Mr. Please," Adsit says. "And then as it gets closer, you realize it's Tracy sliding slowly toward you like a horny snake. He sings at you nose to nose, then suddenly, *snap,* he becomes very serious. He stares very earnestly and explains to you how everybody's out for something, no one's clean, everyone's a whore, and how much you gotta love your kids. And he *means* it."

Most on-set encounters end in confusion for Morgan's colleagues Costar Jane Krakowski says, "You are never quite sure whether he's working on new material to pitch for the show or if it's from his act last night or if it really happened to him."

Make no mistake, a lot of shit has happened to Tracy Morgan.

"My dad moved out of the house when I was six, first to Harlem and then the Bronx," says Morgan. "He

died of AIDS in 1987, using drugs. Picked up a bad habit in Vietnam. But before he left, he gave me a blessing."

Despite his demons, Jimmy Morgan was funny. "Comedy was born into me," says Morgan.

Shortly after his father's death—following stints scalping tickets at Yankee Stadium and working at Burger King—Morgan served his apprenticeship in the booming business of late eighties New York: sellling crack. "That lasted about two years," he says. "I didn't have what it took to be that drug-dealer motherfucker. My best friend got murdered doing that stuff. He was always saying, 'Tracy, do comedy. What you doing this for?' When he got murdered, I started doing comedy. So he's my guardian angel."

When Morgan made his debut at the Uptown Comedy Club in Harlem, he and his high school sweetheart, Sabina, were already parents. The gig earned him $15. "I bought Pampers and a bag of weed," he recalls.

Morgan went from the Uptown Comedy Club to *Saturday Night Live* in just five years. Though *SNL*'s tryouts are considered the toughest audition in show business, Morgan dazzled executive producer Lorne Michaels, using a special motivation to stave off nervousness.

"I thought about the hunger fuckin' pains and I thought about my three kids who need to eat," he recalls. "And fuck that. I went all out. And that's how Tracy Morgan gets down today."

Morgan left *SNL* in 2003 to star in his own NBC sitcom, *The Tracy Morgan Show*. It bombed. "I was in a world of pain," he says, wincing at the memory. "When you pour everything you have, your heart and soul, into something and they cancel it, it hurts, man. It *hurts*."

"When I was on *SNL*, people told me I was only there because I was black. And that was coming from black people! I was there because I was funny. And I don't give a fuck what nobody said."

For much of *30 Rock*'s first season—in which the show finished 102nd overall, averaging fewer than six million viewers a week—it seemed like Morgan was destined for reentry into pain city. In the final months of *30 Rock*'s first and possibly only season, NBC president Kevin Reilly was canned; star Alec Baldwin recorded the parental voice mail heard round the world; and Morgan pled guilty to his second DUI. But amazingly, in April, the show was renewed for a second season.

Tina Fey was succinct in her advice to Morgan: "She said, 'Just don't drink and drive, ass,' " he repeats sheepishly.

Between *30 Rock* and *SNL*, Fey and Morgan have logged ten seasons together. They're an unlikely pair. Fey, a self-described super-nerd, graduated from the University of Virginia in 1992—two years after Morgan had sold his last rock of crack.

"When they're standing around waiting for Baldwin to get out of makeup, what the fuck do those two talk about?" Carolla wonders.

One possibility is race, a subject the show tackles unflinchingly and often.

In one episode, Fey's and Adsit's characters come to believe that Tracy Jordan can't read, an assumption Jordan laments as "the soft bigotry of lowered expectations."

Morgan says he was stung during his early years on *SNL* by the assumption that he was filling some kind of quota.

"I remember when I was on *Saturday Night Live*, people told me I was only there because I was black. And that was coming from black people!" he says. "I was there because I was funny. And I don't give a fuck what nobody said."

Another *30 Rock* storyline has Tracy Jordan convinced that the Black Crusaders, a Bill Cosby-led outfit of well-to-do African-American sophisticates, are out to get him. Morgan himself can't wait to let me know where he comes down in the decency debate.

"Nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger!" he bellows. "He can't say shit to me. I'm not fucking having it. I'll say what the fuck I want to say. That's how I feel about it."

Though Alec Baldwin's leaked voice mail offered a distraction from his DUI arrest, Morgan takes no joy in his cast mate's distress.

"It was unfortunate," he says. "We all just hoped and prayed it would get resolved between him and his ex-wife and his daughter. But it shouldn't have been played on the air."

As the father of three sons, Morgan admits to saying things he later regretted. "I called 'em stupid. I called 'em dickhead," he says. "But it wasn't like my wife took that shit and put it on CNN. Give me a fucking break."

Looking at Morgan's baby face, it's hard to believe two of his three sons have graduated from high school. Morgan is recently separated from Sabina, his wife of 21 years, but he says his baby-making days aren't over.

"I'd love to have a daughter," he says, glancing over at Taniesha Hall, his girlfriend, who has joined us. "My wife was with me during one type of struggle," Morgan says, alluding to the lean early years of their marriage. "Taniesha is with me during another type of struggle. Every man needs a great woman to help him with his struggles. I thank God for her."

Just when I think I've exhausted the similarities between Tracy Morgan and Tracy Jordan, the actor tells me that Grizz and Dot Com, the two huge dudes who are the pillars of his TV posse, are his actual pals. "Those are my real friends," says Morgan proudly. "I've known them for ten years." So Morgan not only gets to be himself at work, he gets to choose at least some of his cast mates. And Morgan is already on record saying his character is going to have an alcohol-monitoring anklet this season, too. If he's a little nuts—as seems to be the prevailing sentiment—at least he's crazy like a fox. Which is to say, crazy like Tracy Jordan.

Perhaps his costar Adsit says it best: "The thing I think Tracy Morgan shares with Tracy Jordan is that wherever he is, he knows he's the wisest one in the room. And he may very well be right."

Kevin Hench is a columnist for Fox Sports.com. He's written for *The Man Show*, *Jimmy Kimmel Live!*, and *Too Late With Adam Carolla*. His first film opens in March 2008. He also wrote the NFL preview on page 62.

Tracy Sounds Off

The newly sober comedian holds nothing back when he blasts and praises a few leading men.

ON JIMMY FALLON

"Laughing and all that dumb shit that Jimmy Fallon used to do? He wouldn't mess with me because I didn't fucking play that shit. That's taking all the attention off everybody else and putting it on you, like, 'Oh, look at me, I'm the cute one.' I told him not to do that shit in my sketches, so he never did."

ON BARACK OBAMA

"He won't change shit, he's a politician. He ain't like a black leader. We ain't had a black leader since Malcolm X or Martin Luther King. I just see Barack as a black politician. It's all poli-tricks. He's gonna play the same fuckin' game as the rest of them play."

The Fast and the Furious

It seems pharmaceutical companies can now treat all of life's problems, but when it comes to premature ejaculation there's still no magic pill. If they can treat restless leg syndrome, why can't they help out the minute man? Jonathan Sabin finds out.

I have thought of my grandmother during sex. More than once. Odds are you, too, have seen your granny while doing the deed. It goes something like this: You're hooking up with a scorching brunette with a butterfly tattoo on her lower back and enough lip gloss to lacquer the deck of a cruise ship. Suddenly, after an hour of rolling around on the floor, you realize that despite a Hasselhoffian blood-alcohol level, you are cocked and on the verge of unloading. If this girl so much as exhales on your hyperstimulated staff, you'll explode. That's when Grandma pops in. By focusing on her, you desperately hope to reduce your arousal and prolong your erection—at least until you tear open the condom wrapper.

Sometimes this Jedi mind-trick works. Often it does not.

Like wet dreams and skateboarding, premature ejaculation is our rite of passage. But while most of us eventually learn to harness our orgasmic timing around the age our acne clears up, at least a third of men remain chronically premature. And for guys under 25, the legions of rapid responders may be as high as 50 percent. The condition is so prevalent that it has a euphemistic abbreviation—PE—so guys have some clinical cover when informing their girlfriends that they come faster than Netflix. According to the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders,* premature ejaculation is "persistent or recurrent ejaculation with minimal sexual stimulation before, on, or shortly after penetration and before the person wishes it." Sex docs have determined that "shortly after penetration" means two minutes. Before you start laughing at guys who come in less time than a hockey player spends in a penalty box, keep in mind that the median intravaginal ejaculation latency time in the U.S. is seven minutes.

Scientists aren't sure why guys ejaculate prematurely but think it arises from biological factors—like hormone levels—and environmental conditions like stress and anxiety. The psychological side effects—shame, embarrassment, and anger—frequently make PE worse. "They get performance anxiety," says Dr. Stanley Althof, executive director of the Center for Marital and Sexual Health of South Florida. "They think, *Oh, shit. I am going to come again.* They worry so much, their PE gets worse."

Amazingly, there is no drug to treat this sexual scourge. But Big Pharma feels your pain (or at least your spending power), and an ejaculatory aid is on its way. More than a decade ago, Eli Lilly developed dapoxetine, an antidepressant much like Zoloft, Paxil, and Prozac, which paste a smile on your face by increasing serotonin, a mood-elevating neurotransmitter. The problem with dapoxetine was, it didn't last long enough to provide a serotonin high, but it had an intriguing side effect: It made guys last longer. Talk about a mood booster.

Anyone who has ever taken Paxil or Prozac is likely familiar with its ability to increase sexual stamina. In fact, for years doctors have been prescribing these antidepressants off-label for fast finishers, who can increase their ejaculatory prowess by three to nine times. "If the dose is high enough, you can't achieve orgasm at all," says Althof. In a clinical trial of dapoxetine, 2,614 men with PE popped the pill before having sex with their partners, who used a stopwatch to clock how long it took them to come. Dapoxetine-fueled men increased their staying power from less than one minute to more than three. And the side effects—nausea, headaches, and upset stomach—were far more preferable to feeling like a control-deficient schoolboy.

So where are all the cringe-inducing commercials showing how dapoxetine will make you into a real man again? Tragically, the Food and Drug Administration rejected dapoxetine's application in 2005. It's not clear why, though a possible connection between selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors and suicide probably didn't help. Johnson & Johnson, which now owns dapoxetine, plans to seek approval for the drug in Europe this year.

For quick-coming cocksmen who can't jet across the pond for a dapoxetine bender—assuming Europe approves it—alternative remedies don't look too promising. The idea that Viagra can help delay your early action is a myth: It might get you hard, but it won't prevent you from getting off (though it may have a placebo effect by making guys believe they'll last longer). As for numbing agents like lidocaine found in condoms and creams, they make you last longer, but they also decrease your pleasure and desensitize your partner.

But don't despair if your sexual encounters are shorter than a Strokes song. Plethora Solutions, a British pharmaceutical company, is currently in Phase III trials of an anesthetic spray that promises to lengthen your lovemaking by 3.7 minutes. The decidely unerotic-sounding PSD 502 reportedly has no side effects and works within five minutes. "I predict that in five to ten years we will have a drug to treat PE," says Althof, urging premature ejaculators to exercise the one thing they lack: patience.

None of these solutions are perfect, but they're better than Granny.

HARD TIME

Dapoxetine promises to make us all studs by increasing our sexual stamina. And based on this study of 500 couples from the United States, the Netherlands, the U.K., Spain, and Turkey, it can't gain approval fast enough.

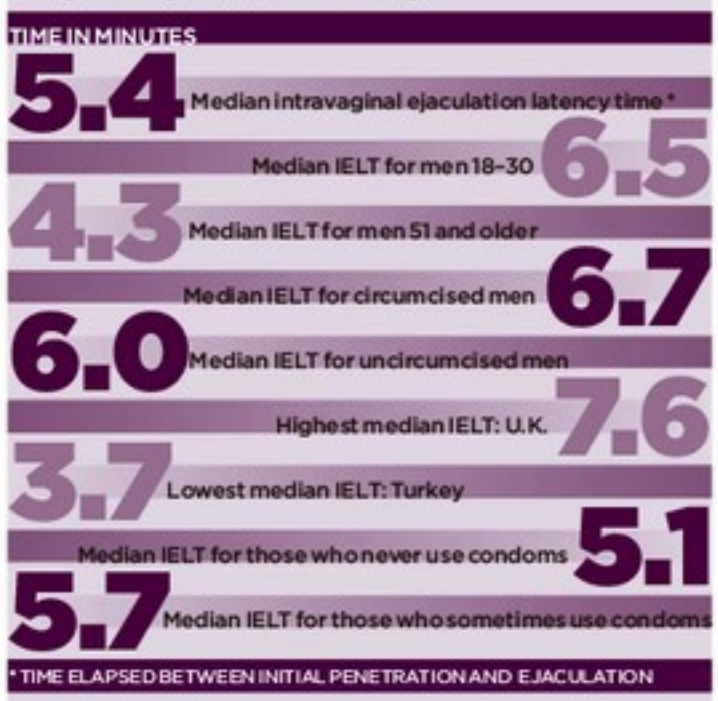


ILLUSTRATION BY MOKBILLO

While flaccid boomers have their Viagra, there is no pill for the premature. But Big Pharma feels your pain (or at least your spending power), and an ejaculatory aid is on the way.

Curb Hopping

After a six-year run on Larry David's brilliant HBO comedy, Jeff Garlin branches out with his directorial debut, *I Want Someone to Eat Cheese With*.

To Susie Essman, who plays his wife on *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, Jeff Garlin is that *"fat fuck!"* who rarely does anything right and is almost always up to no good. But to the rest of us, he's Jeff Greene, Larry's easygoing manager and partner in crime. Even when Greene is scheming, he's so affable that you overlook his occasional crimes and many misdemeanors. It's a quality that Garlin has honed over nearly three decades as a stand-up comic and priceless character actor in movies and on TV shows like *Mad About You* and *Arrested Development*. This fall, Garlin, 45, is truly cutting loose, releasing *I Want Someone to Eat Cheese With*, his debut as a writer/director; wrapping up the landmark *Curb* for good; and hitting the road for a stand-up tour with *Curb* costars Richard Lewis and Essman. But don't worry, he's still the same old fuck; he's just not as fat.

Tell me about *I Want Someone to Eat Cheese With*.
It's like an Albert Brooks or a Woody Allen movie—just not as good, and starring me.

What was the genesis of the project?
I've always wanted to be a filmmaker, so I figured I'd just write and see what came out. This is what came out: something that's *very* loosely based on my time as an actor at Second City in Chicago.

IMDb.com [the Internet Movie Database] published a long list of maladies from which you suffer. Do you have one foot in the grave?
I'm not going to die [*laughs*]. I got diabetes from eating like a fucking pig for many years. I had a stroke a few years ago. I'm pretty well recovered from it, but I'm a little bit slower in general—like, maybe, one percent slower on every level. So my foot's not in the grave at all. If I dropped 40 or 50 pounds of fat, I'd be pretty fucking solid. I'd be a rocket!

You've also got attention-deficit disorder, which you've said is the key to your improv skills.
Unequivocally true. When you have ADD, you have no choice but to be in the moment. You can't be in the past. You might be able to get into the future for a second, but even that's tricky. Once, on the set of *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, one of the guys came up to me and said, "You were so good in that last scene." And I was like, "Shit, I was thinking about getting a sandwich." That's the thing with *Curb Your Enthusiasm*—you just stay in the moment and you're golden.

***Curb* poses special challenges because it's mostly improv.**
The challenge on that show was something that we beat very early on: We never let the success of the show go to our heads. We approach it the same way now, very workman-like, doing the best we can without believing any of the hype. And I love that it's improvised. The big caveat to that word, *improvised*, is that the show is outlined by Larry David, who is a genius. Even when most people who are called geniuses these days are not, Larry really is, so you can't help but be golden when you're working with him.

A couple years back, you revealed that you wanted to be a rock star. Why haven't you started a band?
I always had a jones for it. I actually experienced it once, thanks to Robin Zander and Cheap Trick, and it completely fucking blows away comedy. Cheap Trick asked me to come to one of their shows to sing "Surrender" with them. *Daddy Day Care* hadn't come out yet. *Curb Your Enthusiasm* was not that popular yet. So when they brought me onstage, four-fifths of the crowd was like, *Who's the fat fucker ruining "Surrender"?* The other fifth of the crowd knew who I was, and they were just, *Why is Jeff Garlin ruining "Surrender"?* But I won them over, not because of my voice, but because I was giving it everything I had. God bless Robin Zander for letting me do it. The high from that one song is something I've never experienced in 25 years of comedy. So why don't I start a band? Because nobody really wants to hear me sing .

Your career seems to be in pretty good shape. How does it feel from your perspective?
I was talking with someone, and I'm not going to say his name but he's *immensely* successful—I mean, dwarfs me ten times over in terms of success—and I said to him, "I don't feel like I've made it. Do you feel like *you've* made it?" And he said, "No." And I'm like, Fuck, if *he* doesn't feel it, I don't think it can be felt. I just want to make some films that people will dig and be moved by, a movie people will want to play on DVD, the way I watch *Hannah and Her Sisters* or some Preston Sturges or Frank Capra movies. That's what I'd like to do—make movies that are good company for people. And if they see it in a theater, I hope the popcorn tastes good.

Say cheese: Garlin's feature directorial debut, costarring Sarah Silverman (left) and Bonnie Hunt, hits theaters this month.

OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF VESPA/WIREIMAGE

"I sang 'Surrender' onstage with Cheap Trick. Four-fifths of the crowd was like, *Who's the fat fucker ruining 'Surrender'?* The other fifth knew who I was, and they were just, *Why is Jeff Garlin ruining 'Surrender'?*"

lux life

Lux Kassidy doesn't mess around—she does her clubbing in Sin City and is down for getting busy whether she's at the gym or in an elevator. Now what happens in Vegas doesn't always stay in Vegas—not if this party girl has anything to do with it.

Photographs by Jonathan Anderson

SHOT ON LOCATION AT THE HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL, A THOMPSON HOTEL

"The first time I ever hooked up with a girl was on camera. As soon as they screamed 'action,' I just went with it."

"I go to the gym every day, but my favorite workout is being on top during sex—it's way more fun than doing cardio. If I'm sexually attracted to someone, I jump on 'em."

Lux Kassidy
Pet of the Month
October 2007

Vital stats:
22 years old, 5'7"
34C-24-34

What you like most about yourself:
"Eyes and ass!"

Who do you want to impress?
"No one except myself"

What gets you excited?
"Money"

Which band would you be a groupie for?
"None. I hate groupies!"

Pick any place on your body for an erogenous zone:
"That would be my pussy."

Would you rather be caught masturbating by the pizza-delivery guy or your parents?
"The pizza-delivery guy! Ew, has anybody ever said 'my parents'?"

Ever been in a fight?
"I was clubbing in Vegas and a guy slapped my ass, so I judo-threw him on the ground in front of everyone."

Favorite sound:
"Birds"

Worst job:
"I was doing a photo shoot in a Jacuzzi and the photographer jumped in naked with a boner."

Hottest movie sex scene:
"*300*—the whole thing!"

Lux Kassidy

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LUX KASSIDY
OCTOBER 2007 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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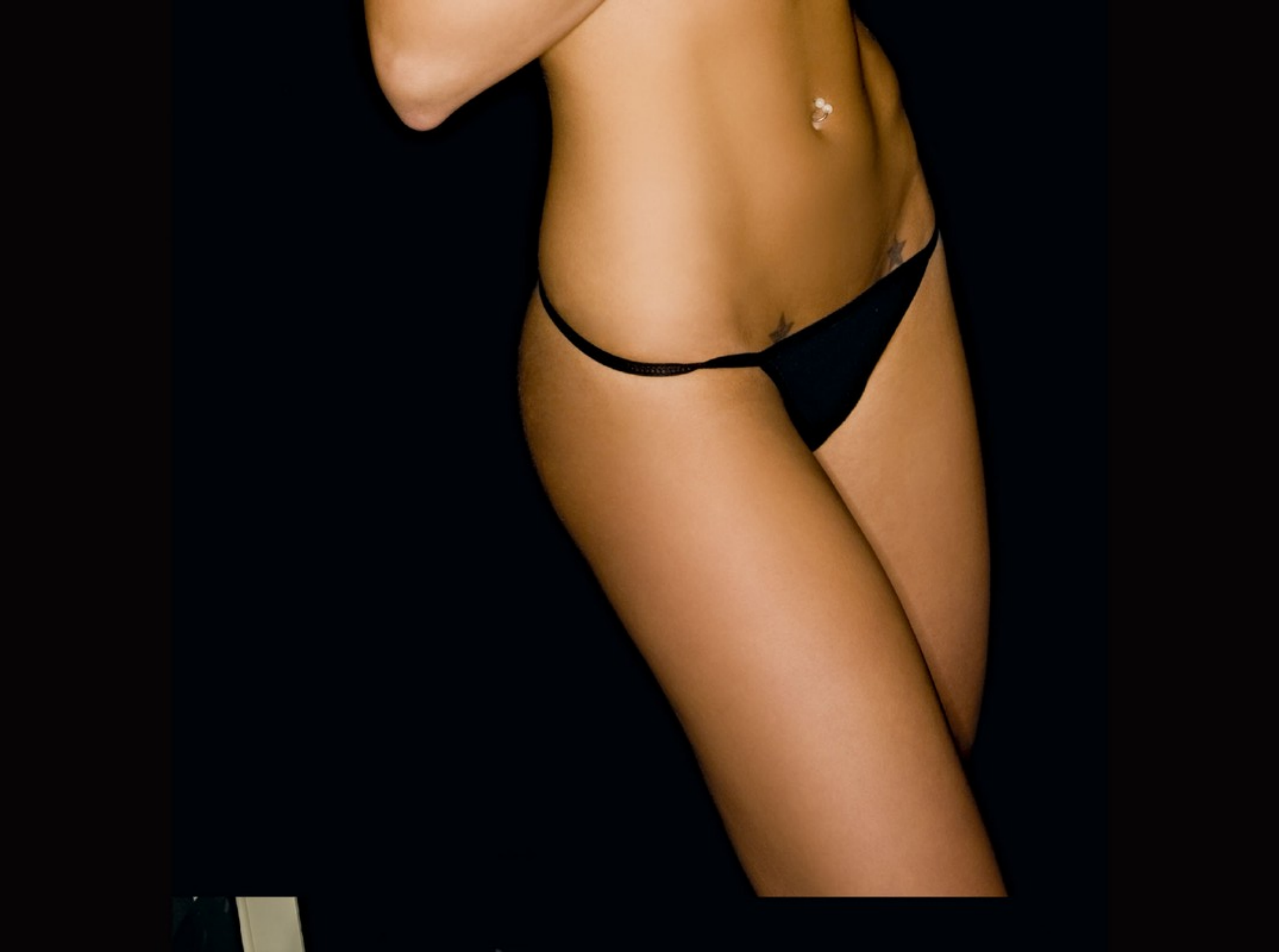
OCTOBER 2007 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



ADVERTISEMENT

Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

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*See Reader's Note for details.

Ask The Expert

"HUNG" JURY?

SEX: How To Improve. Increase. ENJOY.

Q: ***Dear Steffanie,***

For the past year, I've been having some confidence issues. It's really dragging me and my relationship with my wife down. I wanted to try some pills I heard about but I found out they can take 3 or more months to work. In your judgment, does anything work faster or better?

Jason M.
Manhattan Beach, CA

A: Well Jason,

The *verdict* is in and I just happen to have the perfect answer to boost you and your confidence, while giving your wife the time of her life … repeatedly!

For months my fiancé was feeling the exact same way you were and then, one night, we had the most phenomenal sex, EVER. I had never seen him more excited and powerful. He took control right from the start and the feelings we shared together were totally mind-blowing. And, here's the best part, every time since that night, he just keeps getting better and better. It's amazing! I can't get enough of him now!

Finally, the other day, my curiosity took over. I had to know what brought about this drastic change. So, I asked him. To my shock, he handed me a tube of Maxoderm. I just couldn't believe this product Maxoderm was actually making him feel fuller, harder, and way more vigorous. I did a little research and was surprised by what I found.

Recommended by Leading Physician, Michael A. Savino, M.D., F.A.C.S., it's the premiere, fast-acting topical lotion designed to enhance erection quality and the feeling of firmness, while intensifying your sensation for the ultimate sexual experience. Don't be fooled by the companies selling those "miracle" sex pills claiming to grow your erection 3 - 4 inches. As little as 5% of the pill actually makes it into your system. To my intimate knowledge, Maxoderm's PATENTED targeted delivery system effectively reaches the desired area directly upon application, maximizing absorption, resulting in a performance to be proud of each and every time. I'm a huge (and grateful) fan of Maxoderm. And trust me, I *know* my fiancé is too!

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Delightfully Yours,

READER'S NOTE
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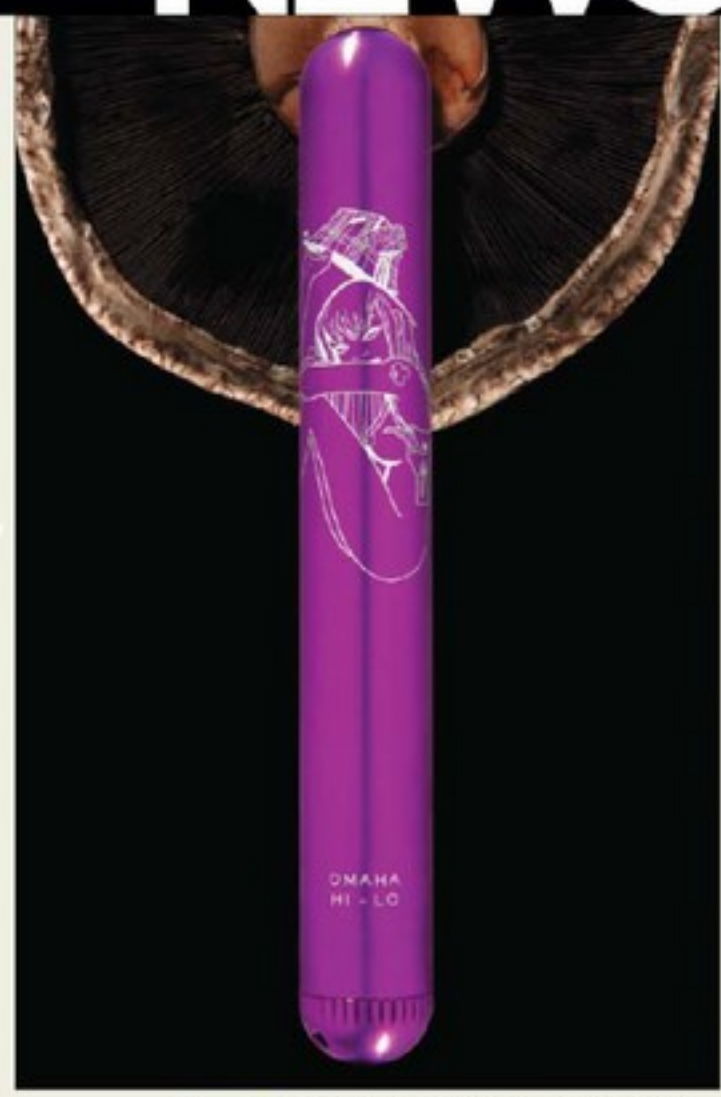
Art World Buzz

Tank Girl cocreator Jamie Hewlett steps out of bounds once again with a collection of tasty vibrators.

By Rebecca Swanner
Photographs by Nick Ferrari

Each sex toy in the collection features illustrations of one of three female and three male personas, including our favorite, Vanity Unit, a gunslinging cowgirl who sports a ten-gallon hat and a star over one perky nipple.

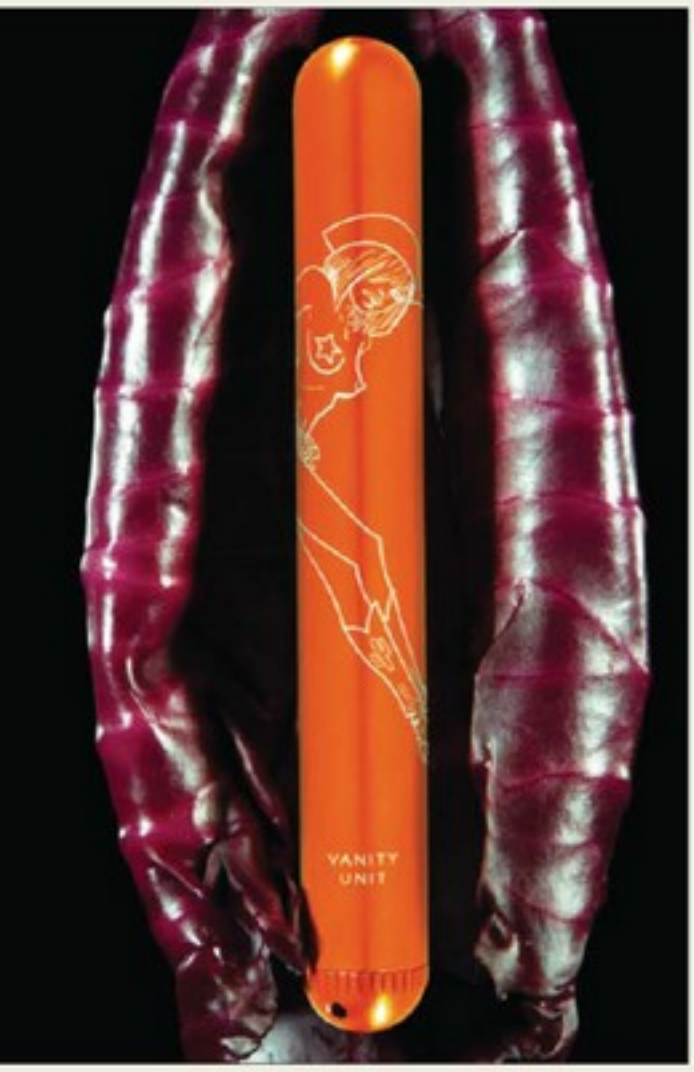


Jamie Hewlett doesn't follow the rules. In 1988, he cocreated the comic-book heroine Tank Girl, a sassy tank driver and bounty hunter–turned–outlaw who learned to kick ass to survive in a postapocalyptic world. Then in 2000, after too many hours watching MTV, Hewlett and his London flatmate, Blur's Damon Albarn, gave life to Gorillaz, a virtual band of badass primates who delivered four albums and toured in 2-D.

So it makes sense that this English artist continues to push sensible creative boundaries. This time he's doing so with a line of vibrantly colored, limited-edition satin-steel vibrators etched with one of six louche characters he created to adorn the interior walls of the bathrooms in London lounge Kabaret's Prophecy. Each sex toy in the collection features illustrations of one of three female and three male personas, including our favorite, Vanity Unit, a gunslinging cowgirl who sports a ten-gallon hat and a star over one perky nipple.

We also got a kick out of card shark Omaha Hi-Lo, death-defying fighter pilot Major Maja Fink, and Honorable Vane Sackful Smythe. Each character sports an image of a key, which represents the keys that Kabaret's Prophecy gave out to select VIPs before its opening.

And while we realize cartoon characters aren't likely to result in your woman experiencing a more powerful orgasm, with artists like Hewlett getting behind these formerly taboo objects, we feel like we'll be seeing many more sex toys that you'll want to keep on the mantel rather than stash in a sock drawer. They retail for $275 each, or $1,650 for all six. Jimmyjane.com



DICK
WARD

Red Carpet COW

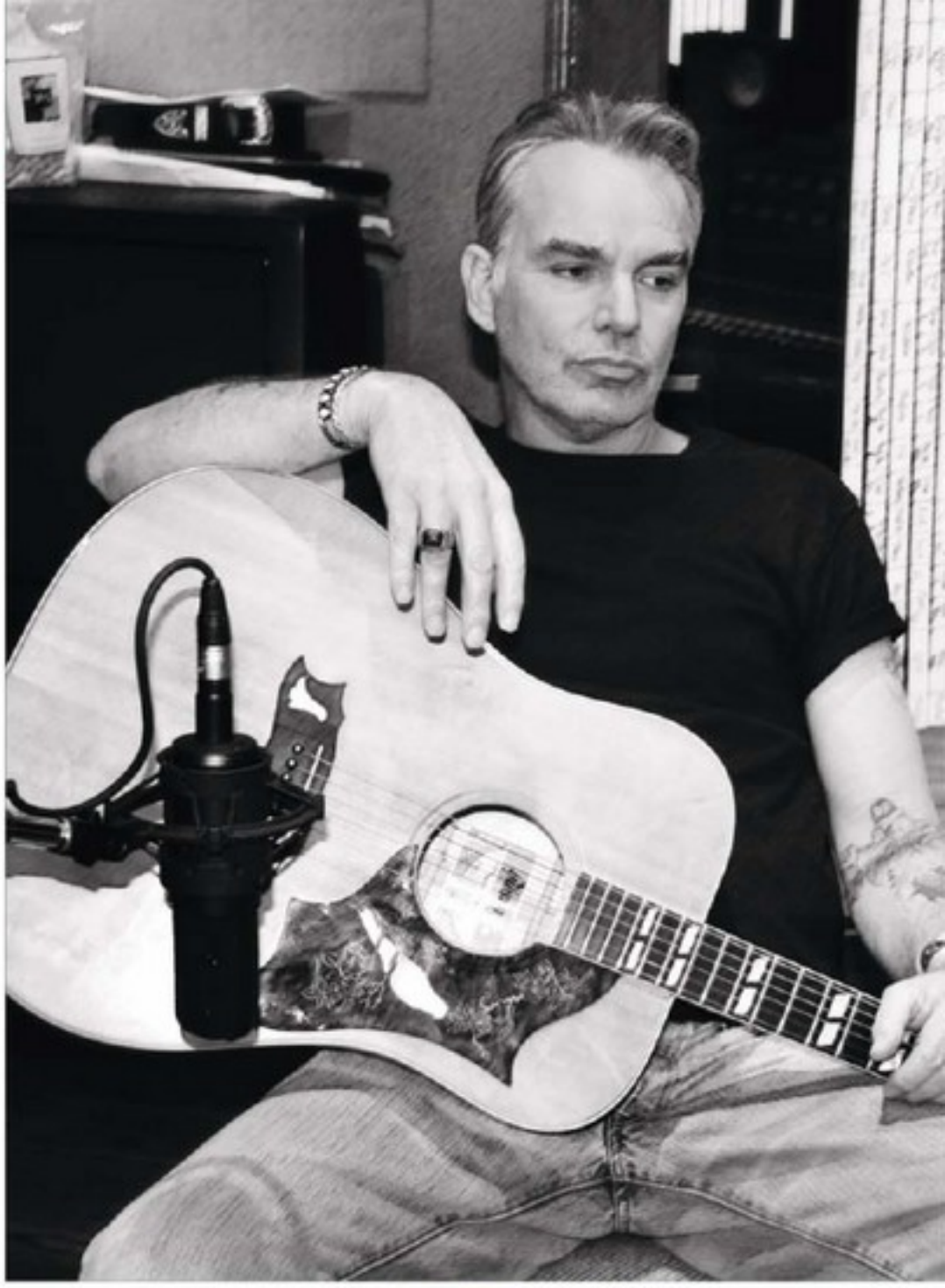
He digs rock groupies, hates the Cubs, and will take memories of late nights at Johnny Cash's place to the grave. Is Billy Bob Thornton the coolest guitar-playing, obsessive-compulsive outlaw in Hollywood? Rebecca Swanner finds out.

The second-floor balcony of the Sunset Marquis is quiet. Amazingly quiet and secluded, considering we're mere feet away from the army of spray-tanned star-fuckers forever marching down Sunset Boulevard. A ficus blooms in the far corner. The location is pure Billy Bob: close enough to the heart of Hollywood, but still removed. He's his own man in a room with a view. No wonder Thornton hides out here whenever he has girl trouble (or when the press comes calling). The Arkansas native returns to the big screen this fall in the comedy *Mr. Woodcock*—he plays the titular dickhead gym teacher—but right now he's about to release his fourth album, *Beautiful Door*. The record is full of stories about complicated relationships and carnival girls, country rhythms swaying through 12 tracks. The sound captures Thornton's spirit: a simple Southerner, slickened just a bit with the sheen of fame. He cracks a Bud, tosses a pack of American Spirits on the table, folds his lanky frame into a wooden chair opposite mine, and kicks up his cowboy boots. Billy Bob Thornton is ready to talk.

You're in a unique position to tell us: How are rock groupies different from Hollywood groupies?
It depends on what kind of guy you are. I've always been considered a rock 'n' roll guy, even in the movies, so with my groupies there has always been a lot of crossover. Rock 'n' roll groupies are more enthusiastic and quicker to the punch. With movie groupies, you might have to go to dinner first.

It's easy to make snide remarks about actor-rockers, what with the musical offerings of Keanu Reeves, Bruce Willis, and Russell Crowe, among others. Would it have been cool if Steve McQueen had been in a band?
Absolutely. But it was accepted then. In those days, entertainers did everything. Dean Martin had a variety show, but he was still a cool guy.

"Always Countin' " is the first song I've heard about obsessive-compulsive disorder.
Well, I have it, and I have a couple friends who also do. I was great friends with Warren Zevon and Warren had it really bad. We used to have wars over who had it worse. He finally won. He said to me, "Do you have it with guns?" And I said, "No, you win."



How do you mean? Counting bullets?
No. If I don't shoot *that beam right there* twice before 3:30 ... that kind of thing. That's also the only song on the record with no bass. It's me hitting a mallet on an old floor tom. The monotony of that beat goes along with the counting thing.

How many beats does the song have?
If I get into that it'll drive me crazy. My OCD is kind of odd. It has less to do with numbers, more about angles. If you told most people to walk and sit the way I do, they'd have to think about every step. But right now, I'm naturally sitting in a position where I know every angle and where they point. Of course, I lived in this room for a year or two, so I know the porch. My joke is, every time I get divorced I live at the Sunset Marquis—which is pretty often [*laughs*].

At first the title track seems like a generic antiwar anthem, but really it isn't. What message were you trying to convey?
More than being about war, that song is about religion. It's weird that people seem to think there's some magical door into the other life that we walk through after we die. In Christianity you're going to sit at the right hand of God and there's a gold street and a guy playing a bugle, and in the Middle East you get 40 virgins and all this kind of stuff.... First of all, do you really want 40 virgins?

Not unless you want all of them calling you the next day.
Yeah! And it ain't pleasant really, you know? I tried not to point fingers at any specific party. I was just saying, let's not get your nutcase religion involved in politics and war to the point where the only people who get killed are guys other than you.

You've opened for everyone from Willie Nelson to Elvis Costello to Ted Nugent. Who were you most excited to meet?
In terms of legendary musical guys, I guess Johnny Cash would have to rate up there. I got to be real close with Cash, stayed at his house and everything, and I think that's the one I never quite got over. Even though I knew him very well, I could never be real comfortable because I was always aware I was with Johnny Cash. It's how I feel about [Robert] Duvall. Duvall's been my mentor. I wrote a movie for him and I've been in several with him, but every time I'm around him I'm still kind of nervous.

> "In Christianity you're going to sit at the right hand of God and there's a gold street and a guy playing a bugle, and in the Middle East you get 40 virgins. First of all, do you really want 40 virgins?"

Really? Robert Duvall? Well, he was the Great Santini ... but he seems sweet.
Actors who love the real thing all feel that way about Duvall. Gary Oldman and Steve Buscemi, they're real nervous around him. I'm afraid I'll say the wrong thing, or like the wrong movie.

I'm intrigued by *Floyd Collins*, the tragic story of the explorer who sparked a media frenzy in 1925 when he got trapped in a Kentucky cave. Have you begun directing that yet?
No. That's a real bear because when you walk into a movie studio and tell them you need $35 million to do a period drama, they laugh and go, "You want to do a *Bad Santa* movie?"

Why is it important to tell his story?
It relates to what is going on right now, and it's not as much about the media as it is about the people. We used to talk about how we had to fight the system. Now, look at album charts, look at movie sales. It's obvious where people go. They go to shit. When I was a teenager, I respected Humphrey Bogart, Gary Cooper, and Jimmy Stewart. I used to love watching VH1 Classic because I got to see Cream or Zeppelin. Now, classic is Warrant!

And Bon Jovi.
Kids think that's old school. I won't hold them to thinking Chuck Berry was old school, but at least Zeppelin and Deep Purple. Eighties hair bands are considered classic rock and it's just sick.

What are people under 30 missing out on?
They're missing out on history. Not just in music—in everything. Everything has become about what's right now, and now that they've started making regular people stars with reality television ... that's why I'm making *Floyd Collins*. Because of reality television and how people love to see other people suffer for

PHOTOGRAPH BY (PREVIOUS PAGE) ROGER ERICKSON/ICON PHOTO. (THIS SPREAD, TOP LEFT AND RIGHT) MYRIAM SANTOS-KAYDA

their own entertainment. I don't want to watch a family who is in turmoil on television. I've had *enough* of that in my own life.

In *Mr. Woodcock,* you play a coach who terrorizes his students and is marrying a woman to the dismay of her son. Who was your Mr. Woodcock?
I had a guy named Coach Petty in junior high who I was terrified of. He was kind of a nice guy but real strict. Then Coach Albee, who was the football coach in high school. But I was a baseball player, and that's where I made my mark. Baseball coaches are not easy on umps, but with the players they're more one of the guys.

Is that because in baseball it doesn't pay to scream at your players when you know they have to be calm and focused on the field to play well?
You're right. See, a lot of times girls don't catch on—most girls will say baseball's boring, it's too slow, it's not exciting, all that.

What team is your nemesis in baseball?
I'm a Cardinals fan, so I just can't stand the Cubs. I don't like their park. I don't like anything about the Cubs. Even when they suck, we don't care. We hate them even if they're in the cellar.

Do you prefer to date women who enjoy sports?
It's not essential, it's just nice to have one who understands that right now I'm watching the game and we'll talk about the Pottery Barn deal later. Because it's two outs and two on in the ninth and I really can't discuss it.

Besides patience, what else do you find sexy in a woman?
I've always been able to separate sex appeal from looks, and that's what's important to me. "Sex" and "gorgeous" don't have anything to do with each other. I've been with girls who are models or whatever and the sex was not great. Then I've been with girls and my buddies say, "What do you see in her?" But there's an animal attraction to some people that has nothing to do with looks. They just drip sex. Angelina is a very sexual person, an amazing, sexy person who happens to be beautiful. But she could look any other way and still have the same sex appeal.

You two are still friends. How do you maintain friendships with your exes?
I find it's easier to stay friends with the more intelligent ones, because usually intelligent people resolve things easier. Also, I think if you really liked each other as friends during the relationship, it's easier. And Angelina and I knew each other very well as friends *before* we got married. We got each other. We still get each other. This is one of my soul mates. You miss that after a while, and it's like, "Hey, is it okay that I'm calling?" and they're like, "Sure it is. I was hoping you would."

Rebecca Swanner is a *Penthouse* senior editor.

Thornton in character (left) and in the studio. He stars as a hard-ass gym teacher alongside Susan Sarandon and Seann William Scott in *Mr. Woodcock,* and is releasing his fourth album of rootsy rock, *Beautiful Door.*

Welcome Back to the Suck

Fighting bloody wars on two fronts, the military is in dire need of warm bodies. Behind in its recruitment numbers, the Army has turned to calling up seasoned, well-marinated beef for the grinder: former soldiers.

By Johnny Rico

Like most 21-year-old enlistees, Michael McClure had spent most of his time in the Army—and all of his bloody combat tour in Afghanistan—talking about what he was going to do once he got out. After volunteer soldiers sign on the dotted line, service to the U.S. Army Infantry becomes something typically regarded as a prison sentence, where you count down the hours until your release and try to figure out why you joined in the first place. "The suck," as it was called—the grueling 20-kilometer movements weighed down with 60-pound packs, the weeklong training exercises with little sleep or food, the yearlong deployments in the sandbox where not everyone came back alive—was made bearable by the sharing of future dreams. McClure's future dream was to be a journalist.

A year after his return from Afghanistan, armed with an honorable discharge and intoxicated with the freedom of being a civilian and still being alive, McClure set about pursuing all of those future dreams that had seemed so fragile in the 'ghan. He got engaged, he worked full-time at a well-paying security job that borrowed on his infantry training, and, most important, he was enrolled in a local community college. Life was good.

Then, two days before Christmas, McClure signed for a FedEx package thinking it was a gift. Inside he found military orders for Iraq—as impersonal and routine as junk mail. He had two weeks to manage his affairs, quit his job, cancel his apartment lease, store his belongings, and inform his fiancée, whom he had only known for six months, that they would have to endure a two-year separation. Tears and screaming followed.

Too bad, so sad, Mikey. You should've read your contract.

It was in there somewhere, buried. The devil is in the details,

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF MICHAEL MCCLURE

During his bloody combat tour in Afghanistan, Michael McClure dreamed of getting out and becoming a journalist. Unfortunately, he hadn't read his contract carefully enough.

as they say; like that six-point font at the bottom of a credit-card agreement that jumps the rate for a missed payment. With great fanfare, the recruiter offered the cash sign-on bonus, the guaranteed job training, but failed entirely to mention the Individual Ready Reserve. It wasn't until a cross-country flight to the induction center that they finally mentioned the IRR, minimizing it as something that would only be used in case of World War III.

"The IRR is hardly ever used," explains one recruiter who works a strip mall in suburban Denver as he eyes the skateboarders from the nearby high school. "It's not really that big of a deal."

Some soldiers who have been snatched by the IRR would beg to differ. In July 2004, the first major call-up of the IRR since the first Gulf War occurred, with 5,600 soldiers reactivated. In April 2005, another 3,900 were called up. In August 2006, Bush activated 2,500 Marines. In March 2007, Defense Secretary Robert Gates approved another 1,800. On and on it goes.

And this is the Army's dirty little secret: Every military commitment, regardless of the length of the active-duty enlistment, is eight years. Even after being discharged, you can be brought back into the Army through the IRR at any point during these eight years. All it takes is a swipe from the pen of our commander in chief. No congressional oversight necessary.

That civilian life McClure had started to create for himself? In military jargon, this is known as *collateral damage*.

Deep within the forested bowels of the sprawling Fort Benning campus, just outside Columbus, Georgia, back behind the Army's Sniper School, behind the Ranger Indoctrination Program, is an innocuous compound encircled by a razor-wire fence. This is

the CRC (CONUS Replacement Center) for the Individual Ready Reserve—where carefree civilians are sequestered and isolated as they are transformed, once again, into soldiers.

Welcome back to the suck.

For Roberto and Paul (names have been changed to protect the honorable), it's an unexpected reunion—another chance meeting in an Army itinerary filled with crushing disappointments. Five years earlier, they'd met during Basic Combat Training, both young and sturdy and rippling with a patriotic fervor over 9/11. But then, while they were angling for Afghanistan, the Army pulled the ol' switcheroo on them and started a second war. They were both sent to Iraq.

"So we went and fought in this totally ill-conceived war that was basically based on, you know ..." Paul starts to say, his words dying off before he gives up and swallows hard on his Budweiser. He shrugs. The continued moral descent of the Iraq war is so assumed, he doesn't need to finish his sentence.

It was in Iraq that Roberto and Paul had another unintentional meeting on an airfield. They were supposed to be military police; this was the job they had chosen at the recruiter's office. It was also what they wanted to do after they got out of the Army. Instead, they were both slugging it out as combat soldiers in the streets of Iraq.

And now here they are again, at a bar in Columbus, savoring a final Saturday night of freedom before heading back for a second swing at a war neither of them believes in.

Life's funny like that sometimes.

Paul explains that in his hometown he worked at a jail—a necessary step en route to police work. He was surrounded by prisoners when he'd gotten word over the radio that he had an urgent call. On the phone, his wife was hysterical. Between her gasping breaths he managed to make out, "You have to go back."

He calmed his wife and informed his duty officer that he had to rush home, but instead he spent the afternoon doing menial errands, trying to get a mental hold on the idea before he faced his wife and daughter. He admits he contemplated ignoring the order—to just not show up—but then an arrest warrant would be issued and that would be the end of his career. Now he's worried about more pressing issues, like surviving the sandbox a second time and making the mortgage payments on a reduced salary.

While he worries about these things, his gaze drifting aimlessly past the bartender in sour contemplation, he's tapped on the shoulder by an off-duty Army sergeant. They go into the bathroom together and emerge moments later. Paul sits down and retracts all his statements: He's presently not in, nor has he ever been in, the Army.

Whatever you say, Paul.

David sits on a set of bleachers at the CRC that look out on nothing but dirt. He chain-smokes as he explains his bemusement at being kicked out of the Army for injuries, then being recalled into the IRR. "I can't run, I can't lift anything, I got a medical discharge, but now, apparently, I'm fit for duty," he says. "I don't understand it. It's a funny thing."

It sure as hell is a funny thing, and David laughs because the only alternative is to cry. His arrival here comes at the end of a maddening attempt to navigate the Army bureaucracy of human-resource offices and indifferent paper-pushers, trying to get a medical deferment. He shares the sob stories of the bureaucratically mangled, those in the middle of a second year appealing the rejection of their hardship deferment—soldiers raising children without any other caretaker, or those already past their eight-year service obligation. David finally gave up and decided to try to obtain his exemption in person; something that, as they rubber-stamp the denials of his claim, he's starting to consider a mistake.

And although David's laughing, he wants me to know that this is ruining his life. He's older than the rest—in his thirties, and showing his age. The slight bulge of his stomach indicates that it's been a while since he's partaken in Army physical training—he looks more like a software engineer than a soldier. He has children and ailing parents and he's left a job that won't take him back. All he has to look forward to is Iraq, off in the distance and just below the horizon.

You can almost see it if you squint.

At least, it appears, he might get to do something classified as "light duty." At least he has that.

"The Army didn't want me when I was broken, but now the Army's broken, so I guess they changed their mind," he says. "We're similar now." He laughs again. It really is quite funny.

He's approached by a sergeant in uniform. The sergeant could be cadre, one of those tasked with running the CRC, or maybe it's just a more responsible soldier—the type who doesn't like other soldiers talking to journalists. "Your friend has to leave," the sergeant says with the type of commanding authority that's used to being obeyed.

"They put him right back where he didn't want to be"

Sergeant James Dean appeared indestructible: tall and muscular, with a shaved head, goatee, and mustache, and covered in tattoos that encircled his arms. An infantry sergeant and U.S. Army combat veteran, he was a man's man. The type that enjoyed NASCAR, hunting, fishing, and football. He was as homespun-American as they came.

But his tough exterior belied an anguished interior. Like so many returning soldiers, Jamie suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder, a consequence of witnessing his fellow soldiers being blown apart in Afghanistan by an IED.

He didn't like to talk about Afghanistan; he didn't believe in babbling about personal traumas—a man kept that type of thing bottled up and private. Besides, that was the past, and, recently married to a woman with two children, he was eagerly focused on the future and his new family.

But sometimes, no matter how bad you want to shake it, the past refuses to let go.

On Thanksgiving 2006, Dean received a package in the mail. Orders back for Iraq. He was called back into service as part of the Individual Ready Reserve.

Something inside him changed. What followed was a depressive downward spiral. As his widow, Muriel, explained, "After the papers got there, he lost all interest. He started drinking and just stood on the porch staring outside and hugging me.... We didn't do any kind of investigation about what would happen if he didn't show. I didn't realize it was an option."

Although Muriel, who's now involved in a lawsuit over Dean's death, states that he would've returned to the Army, no one knows for sure how things might have turned out if he had known that not returning was an option.

It was Christmas when Dean left a family gathering. He was just going out to pick up some beer. He would never return. Hours later, he ended up at his parents' isolated and empty farmhouse, drunk and armed with a shotgun. He was on the phone with his sister when she heard a shot, so she called the police.

It was a recipe for disaster. "They put him right back where he didn't want to be," his wife said. Surrounded by police commandos armed with weapons, no one knows what happened in his final moments. Did he have flashbacks to Afghanistan, where he had led soldiers into combat? Did he just make a stupid, reckless, drunk decision that cost him his life? Or, faced with what he thought was either a return to combat or jail, did he decide instead to commit suicide by cop?

With the house surrounded by SWAT officers and being pumped full of tear gas, Dean opened the front door and, according to police, he pointed his shotgun at a vehicle. A SWAT sniper fired and Dean fell.

Sometimes, no matter how bad you want it gone, the past refuses to let go.

McClure and his fiancée when life was good. Then one day he signed for a FedEx package containing orders for another tour—this time, two years in Iraq.

The Army's dirty little secret: Your commitment is eight years. Even after you're discharged, they can suck you back.

The Army doesn't want its soldiers spilling their heartache to journalists—best the misery be kept quiet and close to the vest.

Apparently you can give your life, just not your story.

Every soldier at the CRC has a story to tell. Woe and frustration permeate the air. No one wants to be back—everyone got out for a reason. Leaving a life and dreams and plans to spend two years in a failed, dispirited war isn't easy for anyone.

Specialist Donovan is a slight kid with blinding white teeth and a contagious smile. He looks ... sweet. A former infantry soldier, he'd just been accepted into nursing school. He retells his Army chronology by way of a catalog of injuries: a bad back from basic training, shin splints from Airborne School, torn rotator cuffs courtesy of Iraq. The list seems endless. It was enough that once discharged from the Army, he was offered lifetime disability pay. But that was before he got called back. Now he's apparently fit for another round in the sandbox, though he can reapply for disability once he gets out the second time—if he survives. His mother, a nurse, offered to surgically ruin him: A well-applied scalpel to the trigger finger might change the Army's mind. "It was a nice offer," he says. "And I truly thought about not showing up, I really did." But in the end, only being 23 years old, Donovan decided he didn't want to ruin his entire future by risking arrest and jail time for failing to return.

Specialist Andrew, who has a round face, a permanent sly smile, and a fuzzy buzz cut, explains that he was finishing up his doctorate in psychology. He got engaged two weeks prior to receiving his orders, which arrived only four days before his report date: "I met my fiancée after I was discharged, so I had three days to bring her up to speed on the way the Army worked. I had three days to ..."—he searches for words—"... deconstruct my entire life."

Amazingly, Andrew made it by his report date. And despite the fact that this return to service has threatened his relationship, forced a harried evacuation from a meticulously constructed life, and required him to entirely redo his dissertation—which was based on time-sensitive data and research—he says not returning was never a possibility. He's a Goddamn soldier, after all. His new dissertation topic? The stressed mental state of the deploying soldier. There's a cost to being a patriot. Unfortunately, there's an even larger cost to being a soldier in George Bush's America.

From across America, they leave the civilian world and they return, week after week. They come because of patriotism. These are the soldiers who take notions of honor very seriously. You feel shamed just being in their presence.

"I didn't consider not showing up," Sergeant Douglas Planter explains. "I raised my hand. I'm not going to sham out. Besides, if you fail to show, it's considered AWOL."

When asked about his feelings toward the soldiers who don't show, he pauses and says, "I'm not here to judge. Everyone has to make their own peace with their decisions." And then he adds, "But I wouldn't want them in my fucking unit." Everyone laughs. Indeed, Sergeant Planter. Indeed.

For most of these soldiers, heeding the call of duty a second time is a source of perverse pride. It's the sort of pride that comes from being bloodied in a fistfight—they may have just taken a beating, but damn, look at them glow! They're the sort who revel in that hard-earned boxer's pride. It doesn't matter whether you won or lost, just that you continue to endure. For some, though, it's a pride that seems a bit retroactive in its adoption. Ask about the consequences of not showing up and the inevitable response is, "That's easy—you go to jail." Faced with that potentially life-altering consequence, why not just show up?

Not everyone is so quick to jump back into the war saddle. The Internet hums with the faint echo of thousands of phantom keystrokes typing: *Individual Ready Reserve*. These are the draft dodgers of a new generation—seasoned combat veterans who can't, won't, or desperately don't want to head back in-theater.

Hard information is difficult to come by. The Army refuses to release the secret formula that determines which former soldiers get recalled and which do not. A loose-lipped bureaucrat at Human Resources Command in St. Louis says, "It's a computer that makes all the decisions. No human decision-making is involved in the process." When pressed about the programming criteria on the computer he quickly hangs up, realizing that perhaps he wasn't supposed to be talking.

In 2004, the Army had 110,000 soldiers registered with the IRR. Mobilization orders have been issued for 19,500 of them this year; 8,500 have requested a delay or an exemption. The official word from Human Resources Command is that 750 were "no-shows" to the mobilization center, although I learned in a separate informal phone call that the actual number is considerably higher.

And what happens to these "no-shows"? Call up the CRC pretending to be a hesitant soldier and the sergeant answering the phone will be quick to remind you that if you don't show a warrant will be issued for your arrest.

But while the policy on the line is to threaten soldiers with prison, the policy at the Pentagon is for those with "unsatisfactory participation" to be separated from the Army. Translated: You get out of the service and don't have to go back to combat.

In the fog of war, truth is elusive. And this is exactly the way the Army likes it.

Mark is at a designated MWR center—Morale, Welfare, and Recreation. Here you can purchase pizza and soda, use the Internet, and play any number of outdated arcade-style video games. Mark makes fun of the center's acronym. Leave it to the Army to ascribe acronyms to fun: "You will report to the MWR by 1300 hours and you *will* have fun for exactly three hours!"

He mumbles his job and the details of his service through bites of a Subway sandwich. These are relatively unimportant details; the only question that has any value these days is, "Why did you come back?"

He laughs hard. "Shit! That's easy! Didn't want to end up in jail!"

When I tell him that, as far as anyone knows, not a damn thing has happened to those who haven't shown up, he pauses with an open mouth full of meatball sub. He looks as if he's just had his heart broken. He didn't know.

Welcome back to the suck.

The author is a veteran of the war in Afghanistan. His memoir, *Blood Makes the Grass Grow Green,* was published earlier this year by Presidio Press. His next book, *Border Crossings,* will be published by Random House in 2008.

velvet goldmine

The delectable Cassie Carter, a 23-year-old British model and aspiring movie star, takes it all off in a striptease that leaves us aching for more.

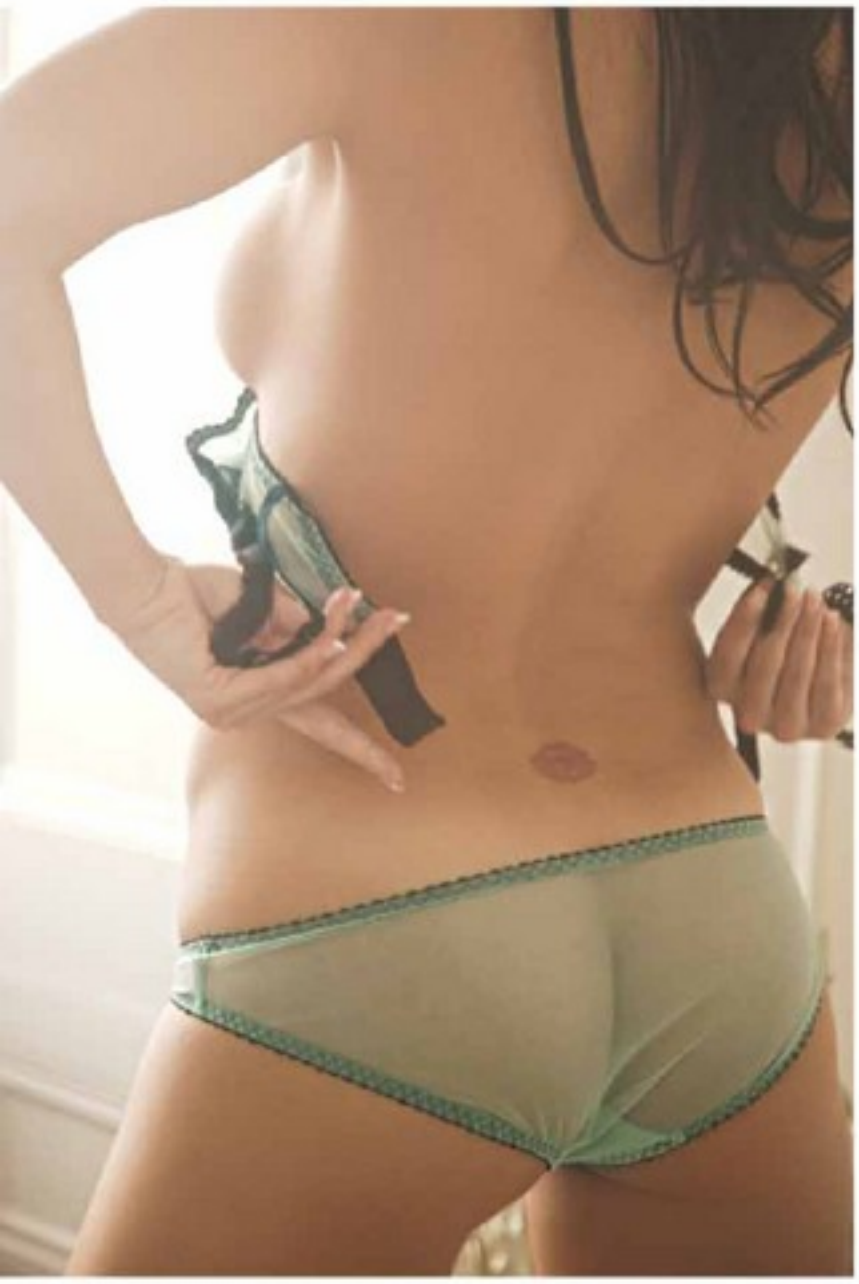
Photographs by Rodney Hardman

Cassie

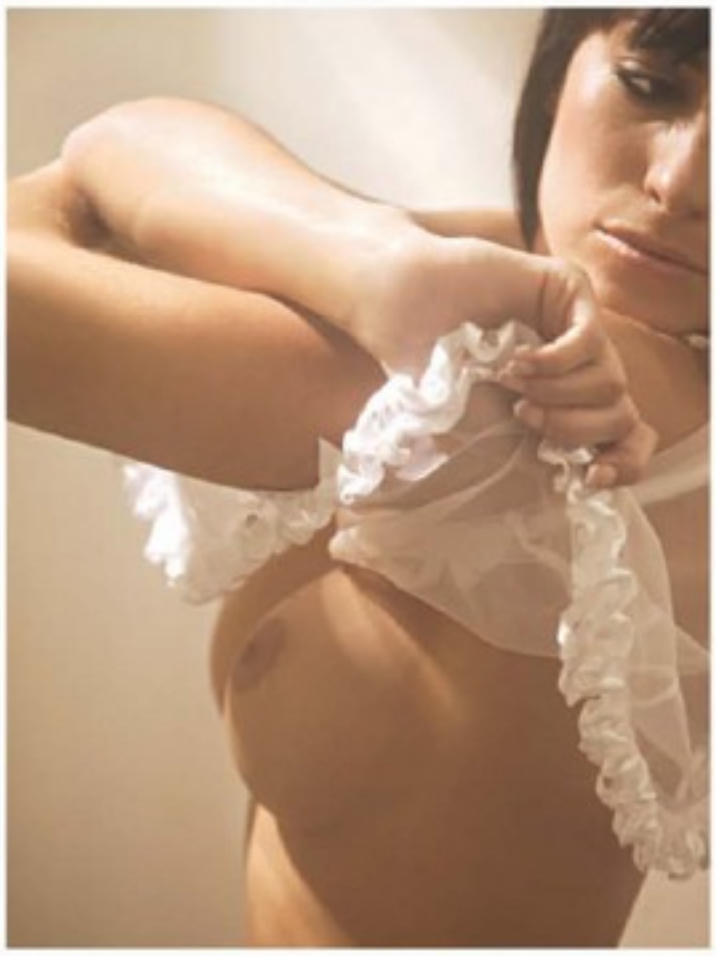
"I've been professionally trained as a performer since I was 13, dancing, singing, and acting. I've always known that I wanted to be in the spotlight."

"I love James Bond films and anything that's scary. I wouldn't mind being chased by a serial killer in a horror movie, but my dream is to be a Bond girl."

STYLING BY MARY ROBERTSON AT CAROL HAYES MANAGEMENT



"I like men with intelligence and ambition, and I look for guys who aren't obsessed with staying in shape. Six-pack abs turn me off completely."



"I can be shy, so when I want to let a man know I'm ready to get physical, I send text messages about what I want. It always gets things started."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. TO SEE MORE OF CASSIE, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/CASSIECARTER.

Right: The calm before the coke. Opposite: One lucky Bluefields resident now has an offshore account that includes a bale of blow—retail value $122,500.

Cocaine Harbor

When thousands of kilos of pure Colombian cocaine wash up on a remote Caribbean beach, a sleepy village stirs. Jonathan Franklin and Samuel Logan sniff out the inside story of Bluefields, Nicaragua, where the local economy is addicted to coke.

Photographs by Morten Andersen

"Everything is cool," says the man at the wheel of our speedboat, high on rum and a killer joint. "Unless the police find out—they will try to steal it."

Alfonso Bolzano (not his real name) wears a silver bandanna and the widening, shit-eating grin of a freshly minted player. Three years ago, he was a semi-employed 16-year-old. On days when the spirit moved him, he'd haul lobster traps off the coast of Nicaragua, earning $20 for his trouble. But the spirit rarely moved him. He had little money and even less ambition.

And yet today he is a busy entrepreneur, renting his 30-foot boat to fishermen or the occasional tourist looking to explore the wild Caribbean coastline.

What Bolzano would like to keep from the cops is the treasure he and three friends recently stumbled upon: 35 kilos of pure Colombian cocaine, perfectly sealed in a thick plastic bag and washed up on a local beach. "We sold it for $5,000 a kilo," Bolzano says, his vessel drifting off course. "If you find cocaine, everyone in the boat shares." Bolzano draws his long black fingers across his mouth. "And you keep it quiet."

This might sound like a bizarre, one-in-a-million break, but

for the 50,000 residents of Bluefields, Nicaragua, Bolzano's discovery was just another day at the beach. The shoreline is, in fact, regularly sprinkled with windblown stashes of what locals call *la langosta blanca*—the white lobster.

Located halfway between the coke labs of Colombia and the 600 million noses of U.S. consumers, Nicaraguan waterways—packed with hundreds of islands and minimal law enforcement—are extremely popular with smugglers and their very small, very fast fishing boats. The U.S. military calls them "go-fast boats," which is both a bureaucratic euphemism and an understatement: These 40-foot water rockets harness 800-horsepower outboard motors bolted to their stern (a Porsche 911, by comparison, offers about half that much power), and can hit 60 miles per hour. But while the speedboats are certainly quick, they are also highly visible to the sophisticated radar systems set up by roaming spy planes, Coast Guard cutters, and helicopters monitoring the blow traffickers. "With night-vision equipment, I have seen a lit cigarette from two miles," a U.S. Navy pilot told me. "The backlight from their GPS screen? It looks like a billboard."

When the Americans close in, the coke gets tossed overboard to eliminate evidence and also to lighten the load for a speedier escape. "I have been on four interdictions, and we have confiscated about 6,000 pounds of cocaine," says a U.S. Coast Guard lieutenant who requested anonymity. "I'd say just as much was dumped into the ocean."

From there, the bales of cocaine—typically worth $122,500 a pop—bob along the sea currents and head west, driven by strong winds. "The current comes from north to south, so the drugs float in from the high seas," says Sergio Leon, a reporter for the Nicaraguan newspaper *La Prensa*. "The narco [drug smuggler] calculates where the packets end up." Where many of those packets end up is smack-dab in the chain of islands, beaches, and lagoons surrounding Bluefields, on Nicaragua's Atlantic coast. "The locals sell it back to the traffickers and then live off that," Leon says.

And so, for a region that has seen sugarcane, bananas, timber, and shrimp harvested until either the market or resources collapsed, white lobster is reshaping the local economy, so much so that palm-tree-shaded Tasbapauni Beach has been nicknamed Little Miami—a nod to both the surprising amount of cocaine splashing up on its 15-mile-long shoreline and the construction boom it has helped fuel. Luxurious oceanfront condos protected by security guards now sit alongside crumbling wooden fishing shacks. "If shit washes up on your shore, it belongs to that family," says a local fisherman, explaining the rules of the cocaine lottery. "Every family owns their turf."

Hujo Sugo, a Bluefields historian, says the plentiful floating coke has brought about a new local hobby: "People go beachcombing for miles. They walk until they find packets. Even the lobster fishermen now go out with the pretense of fishing, but really they are looking for *la langosta blanca*."

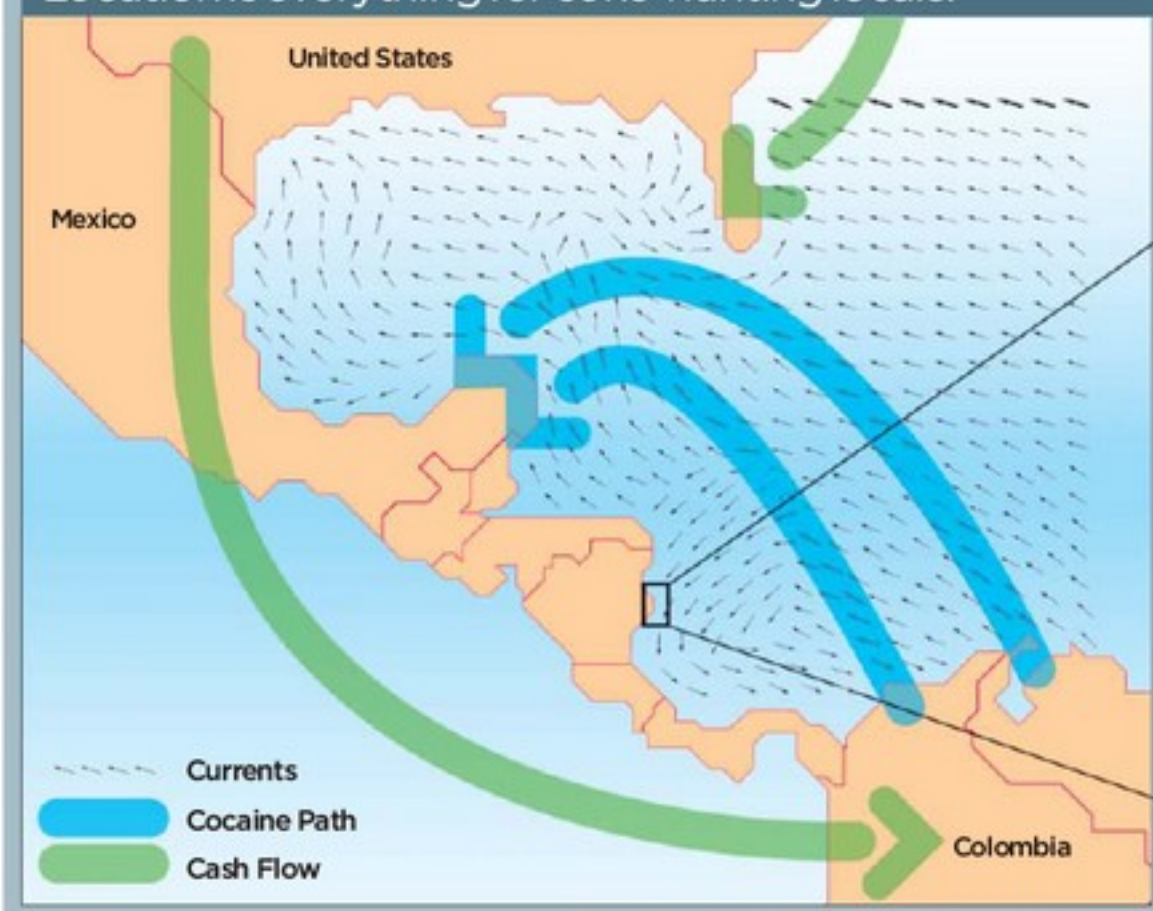
"We are talking about people without a profession, no home, no job," says local judge Yorlene Orozco. "One day later, they have a new car and are building a home that costs I don't know how many thousands of dollars."

Moises Arana, mayor of Bluefields from 2001 to 2005, knows his share of cocaine-enabled, rags-to-riches islanders. There's the small peasant woman who strolled unassumingly into town one day, her dress stuffed with fresh bills. She walked into an electronics store like a *Price Is Right* Showcase Showdown

The Caribbean dream is attainable to some, while others are just happy to have a tin roof over their head.

Current Events

Location is everything for coke-hunting locals.



Because of where they are situated—along an enormously popular drug-smuggling route between Colombia and the U.S.—the beaches of Bluefields, Nicaragua, are where jettisoned bales of cocaine routinely wash ashore. The Caribbean Sea currents drive from north to south and then west, pushing the wayward blow straight into Bluefields' welcoming harbor and onto the 15-mile-long palm paradise that is Tasbapauni Beach. "People here go

winner, indiscriminately plucking televisions, stereos, and toys off the shelves. Another peasant once waltzed into a local bank with $80,000 in cash—crammed into an old milk bucket.

The sudden influx of capital has awoken what was previously a sleepy, if well-populated town. Here, electricity is an occasional luxury—the main generator has been under repair for nine months—and the residents remain so isolated from Central America that they speak English and feel closer to Kingston, Jamaica, than the Nicaraguan capital of Managua. To get to Bluefields, one must fly aboard a creaky, 25-year-old plane that looks like a bloated pigeon and doesn't fly much faster. The exterior of the fuselage is tagged with confidence-sucking instructions on how to rescue victims after a crash: CUT HERE FOR EASY ENTRY.

The Nicaraguan government classifies Bluefields—named for a seventeenth-century pirate, Abraham Blauvelt—as an "autonomous area," which apparently means the authorities can pretty much ignore it. "We only see politicians when there is an election or a hurricane," says Eugenio, a local fisherman who'd only give his first name. "We don't even use the Nicaraguan currency here. To the south we use the *colon* [from Costa Rica], in the north we use the Honduran *lempira,* and everywhere else it is the dollar."

As for Bluefields' local law enforcement, it's so scarce as to be practically invisible. "I just had a Swiss tourist tell me that at the supermarket, they tried to sell her cocaine," Orozco marvels.

The Nicaraguan police and Navy have few resources and fewer scruples. "When the police come, everyone hides the drugs," says a local fisherman. The cops, they fear, will steal the blow for their own entrepreneurial endeavors.

beachcombing for miles," says local historian Hujo Sugo. "Even the lobster fishermen are really looking for *la langosta blanca*." And when they find their prized white lobster, the rewards are considerable: The stuff can be sold for $7,700 per pound. That buys a lot of the more common variety of lobster, plenty of rum, and the thing residents oddly seem to crave above all else: bottle after bottle of Toña beer. Every hour is happy hour in this geographical wonder.

"Down by Monkey Point, a family found an entire fucking boatload [of coke]. They bought up houses all over town."

Shrimping and trapping lobster are perhaps the only legitimate industries in Bluefields—but during the seven days we spent there, work itself rarely seemed pressing. And really, who could be blamed? With so much fresh lobster, coconuts, bananas, and mangoes, the idea of sweating under the sun seems ridiculous at best. The only work tool one really needs is a Yamaha outboard motor. Just about everyone who wants to search for white lobster has a Yamaha V-6, 200-horsepower engine. The machines are often lined up side by side on the back of a 25-foot fishing canoe, until the lightweight wooden or fiberglass crafts practically fly.

By noon most days, the streets are filled with men playing cards and sitting on spent outboard motors. The men fan themselves with wads of cash, waiting to change the dollars that come in from the sea. "Traffickers throw out everything: drugs, water, cash," a local dealer says. "They can always get new money, more drugs." One day we watch as a man snakes through the card tables with a bag of white powder the size of a golf ball. He dips his fingers into the bag, as if snacking on the most delicious popcorn in the world. Then he casually strolls up to his friends, who also dip in.

Bluefields is effectively an anarchist nation—no government, no organized institutions, a land where rules are made by the village. This makes the general lack of violence surprising. Gunfights are infrequent, and most citizens appear content to lounge or play baseball all day and then erupt into a frenzy of energy by late afternoon, fueled by Flor de Caña—an intensely good Nicaraguan rum—fresh fish, an endless supply of native oysters, and, of course, white lobster.

"Down by Monkey Point, a family found an entire fucking boat-load," says Bluefields resident Jah Boon, a Rastafarian. "They stashed it and bought up houses all over town. It was 57 sacks"—approximately 1,995 kilos. "Those people have money and still

have coke buried in them hills. It is another way of having money in the bank." At a local price of $3,500 per kilo, the typical 35-kilo sack nets $122,500 cash (globally, the price of a single kilo can range upwards of $30,000). In many cases, however, the flush times don't last long. This seemed strange. What, after all, would residents of a remote town have to spend their money on? The simple answer, according to several locals: beer.

"When the drugs come in, everyone is happy," Arana, the former mayor, told me. "The banks, the stores—everyone has cash. One month the village bought 28,000 cases of beer."

But with hundreds of pounds of cocaine, *their cocaine,* buried in the hills, stashed in yards, and piled up around town, shouldn't the Colombian Mafia just storm into these remote communities and repossess their coke bales by brute force? "Hell no!" declares Peter, a local dealer. "The Miskito [Indians] are guerrillas. They have been through war. They have AK-47s."

Or, put another way: In a recent report to Congress, the DEA noted that "a unique historical situation and civil conflicts have left [the Caribbean coast of Nicaragua] with a tradition of armed rural groups ... that greatly complicates counter-drug enforcement."

For hundreds of years, the Miskito Indians have formed military alliances with foreigners. In the eighteenth century, the Miskito fought the Spanish as mercenaries for the British—who traded them guns and metal tools for turtle meat and fish. Later they worked as slave hunters for the Jamaican governor, tracking down escapees in exchange for more munitions. In the eighties, when the Reagan government needed a local force to attack the revolutionary Sandinistas, the Miskito signed on—adding automatic weaponry to their growing legend as guerrilla fighters and high-seas navigators.

In and around Bluefields, the Miskito maintain their own rules and traditions, among them the belief that whatever treasures arrive from the sea are gifts, blessed by God, to be enjoyed and shared. This includes Caribbean lobster, which sells for $15 a pound, and the Colombian variety, at $7,700 a pound.

When a Miskito fisherman finds *la langosta blanca,* the entire village shares the treasure. A percentage goes to a community fund, a smaller percentage to the church, and the majority is split among the crew that found the loot. "It is like a municipal tax," says Leon. "The schools and churches are not built by the government; that money comes from the fishermen's finds."

Tasbapauni Beach is nicknamed Little Miami—a nod to both the frequency with which cocaine splashes up on its 15-mile-long shoreline and the construction boom it has helped fuel.

How to Rescue Wet Cocaine

Bluefields residents have a recipe for nearly any kind of cocaine situation—if the watertight packages sealed in Colombia spring a leak, the coke gets sticky "like glue." But there's even a solution for that, explains a local expert.

- Put cocaine in a large pot over fire. Cook at low heat, stirring constantly until water evaporates, but before it burns
- Spread cocaine over a large flat board
- Cut coke with a large knife or machete
- Use the back of a spoon to smooth out the chunks
- Repack into plastic bag
- Find Colombian dealer
- Sell cocaine back to him

Money from the Cocaine Community Fund has been used to erect a school, replace the church roof, and maintain the languid Caribbean lifestyle that pervades the island. "Church officials here get mad when they don't get their cut from the find," says Francisco, a court official who only told us his first name. "If a member of the congregation has found 15 kilos, the church calculates its ten percent, saying, 'Where's the $5,250?'"

Bluefields wakes up at night. The locals wander down a short dirt path to Midnight Dream—a reggae bar nicknamed Baghdad Ranch because of its surreal, eternal party scene. Dozens of young black men in baseball hats, gold chains, NBA jerseys, and Nike Airs file into the bar. Outside, a long wooden bench wraps around a creaking porch. Inside, it's so dark it takes us a minute to realize what we're looking at: stack after mountainous stack of Toña beer bottles. A price chart conveniently tallies the cost of multiple beers, topping out at 24 for 360 cordobas—or $18. Given the amount of cocaine, booze, and cash being flaunted in here, it's easy to feel a tad unsafe. A new drinking buddy, however, says not to worry. "I got protection," he says, lifting his Houston Rockets jersey to reveal the butt of a pistol. "You won't get thieved here."

Baghdad Ranch sits on the water, just next to the Bluefields pier—the view makes it a great place to chat and drink. And drink. And drink some more. Tribal music echoes from across the bay, while shadowy skiffs navigate the shallow waters. Half-sunk boats dot the horizon. Blown ashore by Hurricane Joan in 1988, these rusty wrecks are now used as guide buoys for captains entering the pier, and also as tiny apartments by industrious natives. The waiter offers me *carne de tortuga,* a grilled slice of endangered hawksbill sea turtle. Locals insist that they only slaughter the older specimens, but this is one more example of how in Bluefields, pleasure trumps virtue.

Lyrics scream out from the deejay booth: *I feel so high, I can touch the sky*. As if on cue, three girls at the next table pile coke on the back of their ebony hands and snort. They tilt their heads back, laughing, the drug burning into their bloodstream. Soon they begin a maypole dance in celebration of May's traditional fertility festival, which quickly evolves into a grindingly sexy dirty-dancing routine. As if in a dream, or maybe an hallucination, a line of stunning, six-foot-tall black women swirl and sweat on the dance floor. A Rastafarian stumbles past, clumps of coke stuck in his beard like pearls.

White lobster is paying for this party. "Those guys at that table, they are Miskito. They found seven bags," explains our waiter with the tinge of jealousy one might normally reserve for lottery winners. Gesturing toward a man at the table, the waiter continues, "He will buy a couple of ranches, two boats, and have someone else fish for him."

The night goes on and on. The coke flows freely, the dancers tirelessly twirl past, and the Miskito men slowly disappear behind a wall of empty beer bottles.

Editor's note: Certain names and locations have been changed to conceal the identity of people interviewed for this story.

The authors have written for the *New York Times* and the *Guardian,* among others. They are currently working on a nonfiction book about cocaine, to be published in 2008.

Opposite, top: A local shows off the catch of the day: *la langosta blanca*. Bottom: During scorching afternoons, there's not much to do but play poker—and wait for the next fortune to wash ashore. This page, top: The unofficial national pastime—booze.

While the drink of choice is usually Toña beer, locals are partial to strong rum as well. Bottom: It's not snapper these local fishermen are after.

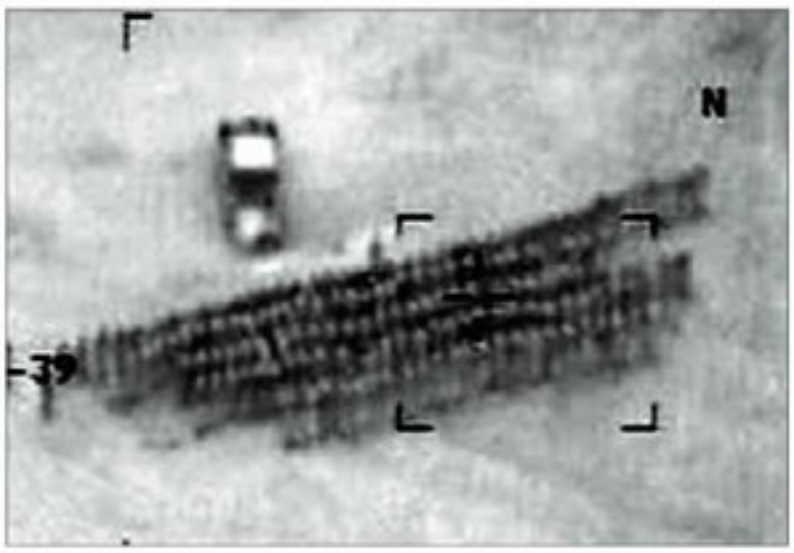
Broken Rules

Are regulations governing the use of force dangerous to our troops? By Matthew Currier Burden

The rules of engagement (ROE) are strict descriptions of the circumstances under which American soldiers can utilize violent force in combat. Usually, operations orders that provide instructions for specific missions will contain the ROE, which should ensure that the use of force occurs in accordance with mission requirements, national policy goals, and the laws of war (including the Geneva Conventions of 1949).

These rules have been increasingly debated as the Iraq conflict has become increasingly unpopular. Various critics of the war charge that the ROE are being used to protect individual soldiers from being held accountable for human-rights violations. But many soldiers are angry and fed up at having to fight a war with their hands tied behind their backs by what often seem to be picky restrictions imposed by bureaucrats far from the battlefield.

For example, in July 2006, an unmanned U.S. Army aerial vehicle photographed almost 200 Taliban fighters standing in a dense formation at a funeral for a fallen comrade in Afghanistan. Intelligence officers wanted to move immediately and score a devastating blow by taking out many hardened enemy fighters with one strike. But, as NBC later reported, they were stopped in their tracks: The ROE stated that we couldn't fire at a cemetery for fear of offending Afghans. So, as frustrated Americans watched, the fighters were allowed to disperse and slip away, able to target our troops and innocent civilians another day.



When soldiers hear things like that, they explode in rage. They already live under threat 24 hours a day, and they see overly restrictive ROE as increasing their chances of being killed. Moreover, many soldiers see these rules as existing mainly to protect higher-ups in the chain of command from being blamed if, in the heat of battle, something goes wrong. As with the Abu Ghraib scandal, they see lower-level GIs going to jail, while commanders and Pentagon civilian leadership get a slap on the wrist, if that. And many soldiers don't blame the Army for this—they blame us here at home.

Problems with ROE began during the invasion of Iraq and the taking of Baghdad. At the time, the ROE did not allow soldiers to use force to defend private property in Baghdad. It wasn't long before looters realized that the Americans wouldn't stop them, even if they were only a few feet away. One major concern of military commanders is that the enemy often obtains copies of the classified ROE. Knowing how the Americans will react in certain situations gives the insurgents a definite advantage.

For instance, as an Army noncommissioned officer recently e-mailed: "In Baghdad, if you wish to stop a car approaching a checkpoint, you must first post a sign a long way down the road. If it is ignored, you must verbally warn them and use a green laser to get the driver's attention. If still ignored, you must fire a warning shot with an M4, then with an M240, then, finally, the kill shot. If at any time the car turns away, all you can do is try to pursue it, never shoot at it.

> Because the rules of engagement stated we couldn't fire at a cemetery, almost 200 Taliban fighters were allowed to slip away and target our troops and civilians another day.

"[These kinds of restrictions] put more soldiers at risk than you can possibly imagine. I'm not sure Johnny on the street has this information, but Muhammad in the mosque sure does. I can't even tell you how pissed it makes me to hear a JAG [legal] officer suck in breath as he tries to think real hard how to explain the murky depths of our ROE. A system that used to be a way of allowing soldiers to avoid hurting civilians by using certain weapons systems at certain times has degenerated into a complex 'cover-your-ass' legal trick for higher command. Believe me, it isn't there

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) AFP, AP

A soldier guards a checkpoint in Baghdad as other GIs search Iraqi cars. Far left: Taliban fighters at an Afghan funeral in 2006, photographed by an unmanned Army aerial vehicle.

because colonels and generals want us to fight this way; it is there because politicians do."

A special-operations soldier in Ramadi, Iraq, agrees: "The ROE have devolved to the point of absurdity, and our forces are more fearful of [U.S. legal] violations than they are of enemy insurgents. This devolution of the ROE in Iraq originated from an institutional cover-your-ass instinct by the Pentagon and senior commanders, resulting from sensationalist media coverage of such events as Abu Ghraib, CIA 'secret prisons,' and various manufactured Gitmo abuse claims."

It must be noted that not all American soldiers condemn the ROE in such wholesale fashion. A Marine captain who has completed two combat tours in Iraq e-mailed this thoughtful analysis: "While [the ROE] do on occasion hamper Marines' abilities to address threats, I think they are very useful in maintaining the strategic goals of the coalition forces—support of the Iraqi government by the people. I do think that as ROE become more and more restrictive, there is a 'tipping point' where the Marines need to turn it over to units more comfortable operating within their confines, i.e., Iraqi police, U.N. peacekeepers, MPs, etc. While Marines train hard to operate within the restrictive counterinsurgency environment, let's not forget the primary mission of the Marine infantryman: 'To locate, close with, and destroy the enemy.' However, the biggest detriment of our ROE is that the insurgents know exactly what it is, operate within its limits, and exploit it at every opportunity to achieve their goals of murder, intimidation, and undermining of the Iraqi government."

Far from the battlefield, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff published this "instruction" to our fighting forces: "The legal factors which serve as a foundation for ROE, that is, customary and conventional law principles regarding the right of self-defense and the laws of war, are varied and complex. They do not, however, stand alone: Nonlegal issues, such as political objectives and military-mission limitations, also play an essential role in the construction and application of ROE."

But I'll give the final word to a Marine sergeant, who explains that the enemy knows the ROE just as well as the Joint Chiefs do: "In my company, one Marine got shot dead center in the chest by a fucking sniper. The Marine survived, thanks to his body armor, and the sniper ran for cover. Where do you think he ran to? We observed him running to a mosque because fucking snipers know that we can't follow them there. We can't offend the 'religious' people who are protecting a sniper. We can't stop him from shooting another Marine, Goddamnit.

"Fuck that shit!"

The author's book, *The Blog of War: Front-Line Dispatches From Soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan,* was published last year by Simon & Schuster. He blogs at Blackfive.net.

Tough Love

It may be time you took control, freak. Whether they tell you or not, most women like to get tossed around in the sack every now and then. Chelsea Summers explains how to put her under your thumb and still be a gentleman about it.

As much as we chicks praise the sensitive man who lights candles, strews rose petals, and makes sweet, tender love to us to the velvet strains of D'Angelo, what we often yearn for is some nasty Cro-Magnon fucking. That's right, we like it when you men get your industrial-grade freak on and take our juicy matters in your capable hands. And while we have no problem confessing our desires to our girlfriends over mojitos, we do have a hard time telling you what we want, partly because we want you to just *know*. And so, we often while away an evening of vanilla foreplay, wishing you'd just throw us over your shoulder and get your Neanderthal on for a change.

Of course, this is easier said than done. As you know, women are complicated, and sex is never as straightforward as you'd like. It requires finesse. You have to know how to mix the leather with the lace, how to hit that sweet spot between the boudoir and the gutter. We want a gentlemanly animal, a refined brute who's somehow attuned to our every need, Cary Grant on a tequila bender.

Now, roughing it up isn't about relentless jackrabbit pounding, nonconsensual sex, or taking what isn't given to you freely. Still, you guys—you young princes with the prowess and brawn to toss your fair maidens like a chef salad—can be a tad shy about embracing your inner caveman. "How do I start?" you might ask, and "Where do I go from there?" I know well what dirty beauty comes from submitting to an unlikely manly man, so allow me to help you be the rough rider you always knew you could be.

CRACK THE CODE

Women sometimes feel apprehensive about asking for what they want in bed, especially if what they want is to be tossed around—because when we have to ask you to man up, it takes some of the fun out of it. This means you have to listen to the subtext of what we are saying—both in and out of bed.

Does your woman get all hot and steamy when Viggo Mortensen fucks Maria Bello on the stairs in *A History of Violence*? Does her face go all slack and her eyes all dewy in the presence of leather? If you pulled the belt out of your jeans and ran the leather edge up against her thigh, would she sigh audibly? If so, you may have a girl who wants you to be He-Man, Master of the Universe.

Learn how to decode her body language: the opening or closing of thighs, the change in breathing, the tension or relaxation around the neck and shoulders. Or you could ask. "What if," you might growl in your girl's ear, "I put you over that desk and took you from behind? Would you like that?" Chances are, if you ask the right way, she would. Very much.

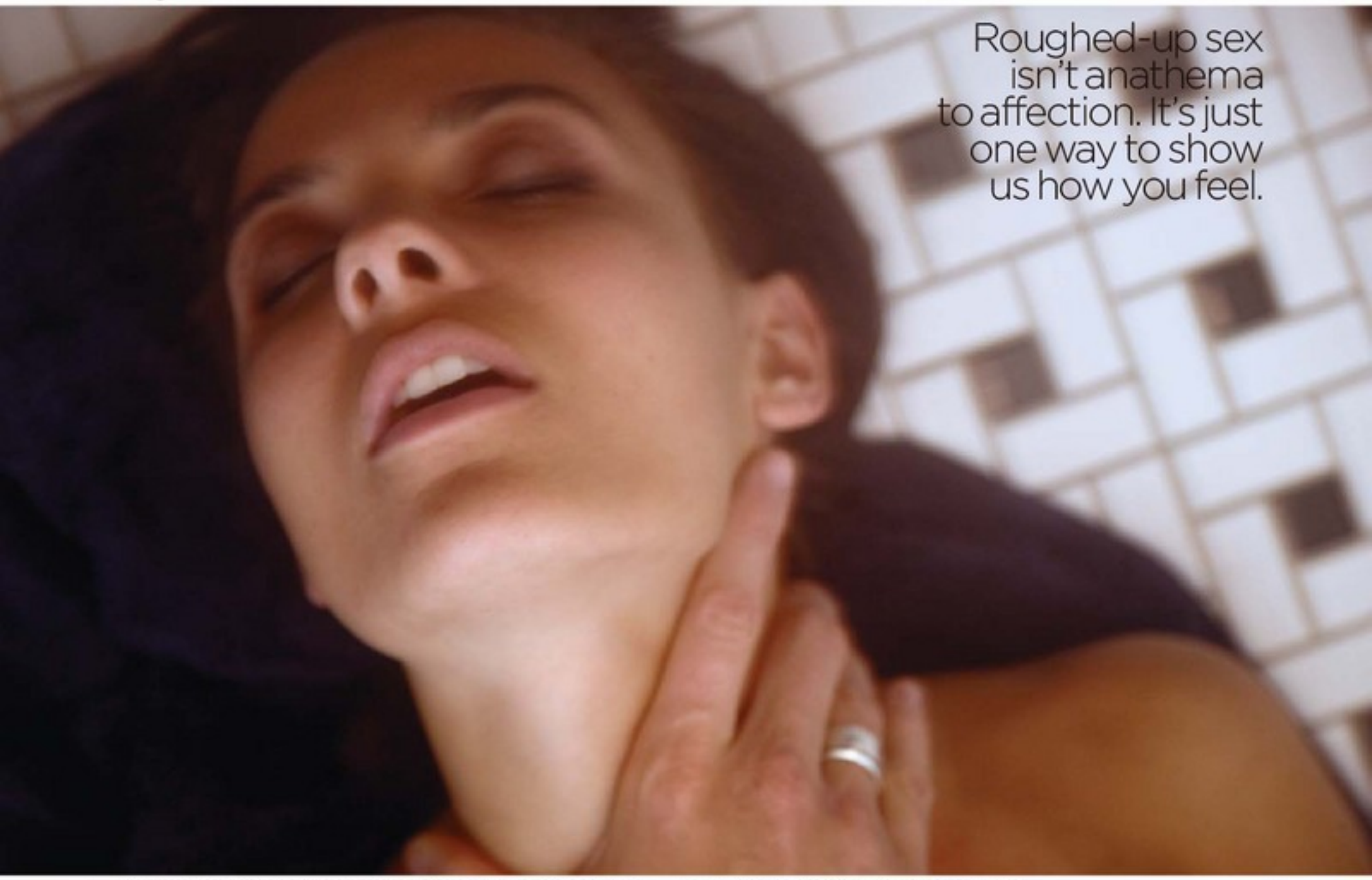
KISS KISS, BANG BANG

A simple kiss is a natural place to start with the rough handling. When you kiss your woman, slide your hand up the back of her head, grip a big fistful of hair, and pull her head back enough to bare her throat to you. Just feeling someone pull my hair is enough to start me into that sweet, submissive dive I know and love. Pulling many hairs grouped together equals a tiny ecstasy. A couple of notes here: the operative term is *big fistful* of hair. Tugging just a few hairs equals the "ouch!" kind of pain. And don't think that your girl's physical vulnerability gives you a blank check to just shove your tongue down her throat. Power is often most potent when it's not exercised. Now that she's in your hands, you need to think about how you're going to master the situation. Do you want to run your tongue across her lips lightly, tantalizing her? Do you want to intersperse deep soul kisses with tiny lite-laden kisses? You're in control, so be creative and make the most of it.

POWER PLAY

Your body has power. How do you want to use it?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RODNEY HARDMAN



Use your body to push her against the wall. Any wall: hallway, living room, alley, bathroom. Push her and pin her there. Press your knee between her thighs. Turn her around and press her into the wall with the force of your unbridled lust. Just show her with pure physical pressure that you want her like no other.

Take her hands and grip them behind her back or over her head and use them to push her ahead of you to the sexual destination of your choice—bed, couch, dining room table, kitchen counter. Make a grand, dramatic, and wanton gesture. Sweep the clutter off the desk and bend her over it.

Likewise, you can't overestimate the impact of a simple fireman's scoop. In fact, this act alone has seduced me into fucking someone I probably wouldn't have otherwise. Figure out how to best carry your lover—squat and wrap your arms around her knees, lifting her up in the air and throwing her over your shoulder; curl one arm around her back while you bend to scoop up her legs with the other in the classic threshold-crossing move; whatever. Then lift her, carry her, ravish her, rinse, repeat.

The point here is that physical showing is psychological telling. Just like when you hug us or hold our hand, when you fuck us, you're telling us you care. Roughed-up sex isn't anathema to affection; it's just one way to show us how you feel. The biggest turn-on for a woman is knowing that you want us, and sometimes we want you to want us in the most bestial way.

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Sweet Alexander Graham Bell, we love the naughty text message. Give us a command. Before we meet you, tell us to wear something specific, like a skirt or heels or a certain piece of lingerie. While we're out at dinner, slip off to the bathroom and text us something naughty. Tell us to slip off our panties, to push our thighs apart. Use your imagination.

We like to see evidence that you've been thinking about us, maybe even planning things, that plots and schemes and seductions have been fomenting in your head and in your loins and that we are the object of your lust.

BLIND DATE

Go out and buy yourself a blindfold. Sure, ties, scarves, and bathrobe belts all work in a pinch, but nothing works better than actually purchasing what is probably the best sex toy ever created. A blindfold grants you a temporary power. Diminishing your lover's senses helps to give her an uncomplicated somatic experience. Lots of women have a hard time stopping the whirring hamster wheels of their brains. We have a tendency to let all those little voices carry on with their annoying susurrations. A blindfold helps them shut the fuck up.

Eyes covered with a (preferably black leather) blindfold, we can't see your head between our thighs, the ice cube tracing our nipples, or your cock entering our pussy. Unable to see, we focus instead on the sensation of your tongue and mouth, the white-hot shock of the ice, and the ineffable pleasure of you.

Finally, a blindfold is easy to remove. There's no inherent freaksomeness of being tied down or up or sideways, no knots to fumble with, no time spent waiting. Plus, by surprising your lover with a blindfold, you are once again demonstrating that you've been thinking about us, and thinking about making sex with us interesting. We like that. *A lot.*

RESTRAINING ORDER

Think of this instruction as a baby step to bondage. Put your lover in a position that she can hold relatively easily—a good one

Advertisement

Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women wont go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

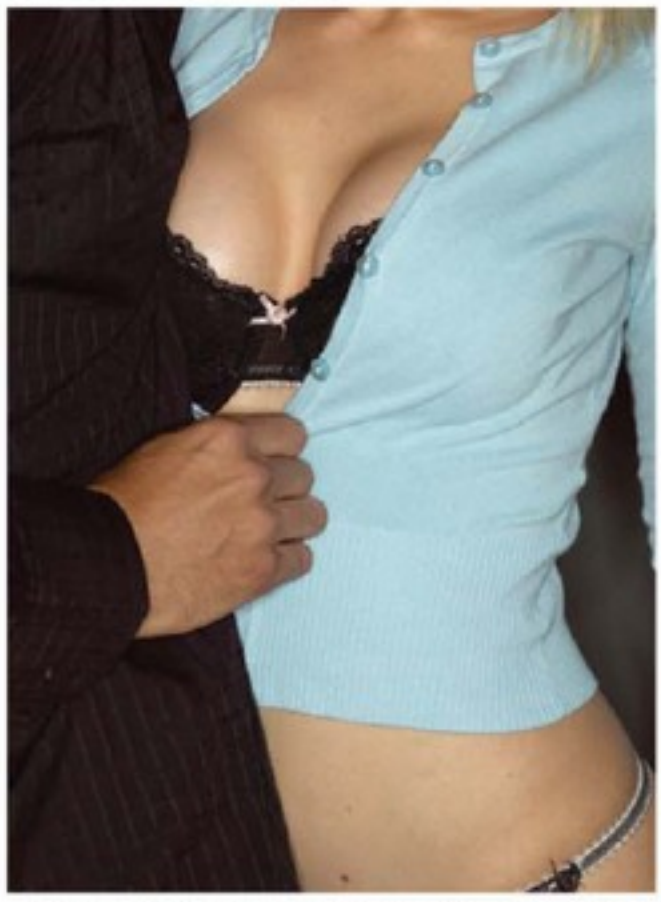
My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacomole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better then the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more then the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-630-3931. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

A Pill That Can Increase Your Size!*

FREE week supply

Just pay for the postage stamp.

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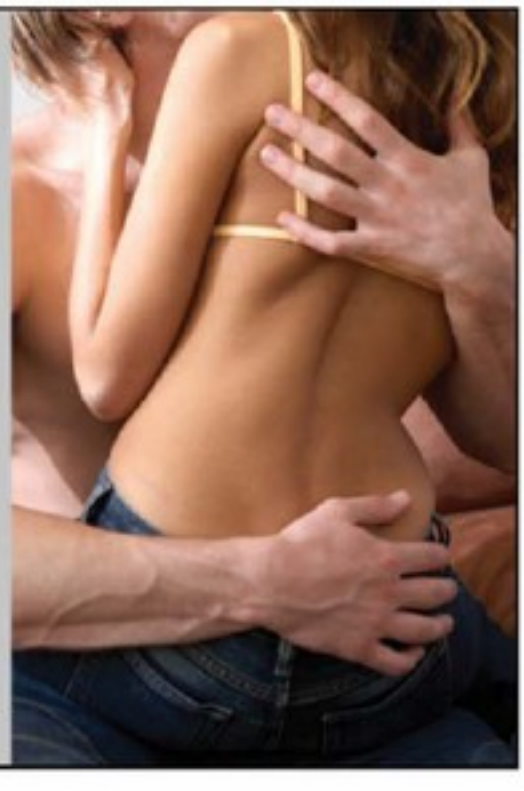

is on her knees leaning forward, with her arms on the bed frame. Instruct her not to move, to keep that position or you'll stop.

Lick her. Finger her. Fuck her. Torment her. As she gets more excited, remind her not to move. Do your utmost to tease her into a wet-hot lather, but don't let her move. If she does, put her back into place. It will take a lot of self-control on both your parts, and it is this self-imposed restraint that makes it fun.

The key here is to maintain control of her position until you are ready to permit her to move, and to do this you need to find the capital-D Dom voice within. A man's voice can have as much seductive power as his body, his fragrance, or his charm. A good Dom voice is calm, low, and commanding. It is suffused with confidence. Try pitching your voice in various registers until you feel like even you'd do what you're saying.

Once you've found your voice and played with tormenting your woman in the most dirty-sweet way, you're ready to try your hand at orgasm control. Which means, simply, this: She can't come until you say she can come. Instruct your woman at the beginning of your play that she's not to orgasm until she requests to come and you grant her permission to do so. Then work to make her as liquid-hot and teetering perpetually on the brink of orgasm as possible. You might put her in place and tell her not to move, and then you might tongue, finger, or fuck her until she is wet-wriggling below you. Orgasm control is a form of sexual brinksmanship and though it's something you will want to do only sporadically, it makes for pyrotechnically fantastic fucking.

"NO" MEANS NO, EXCEPT WHEN "AARDVARK" MEANS NO

Don't confuse our desire for a little roughhousing with a blank check to do whatever you want whenever you want, even against our protestations. While sex games are all fun and good, the game ends when either partner isn't happy. Many couples who engage in consensual down-and-dirty sex use *safe words*. A safe word is a term unlikely to pop up in the normal give-and-take of sex—for example, my safe word is "poodle"—and it designates when the sex has changed from fun to frightening, from playful to painful. Until such time that you and yours have a predetermined safe word, "no" means no and you need to respect it.

> With a blindfold, we can't see your head between our thighs, the ice cube tracing our nipples, or your cock entering our pussy.

BALANCE OF POWER

Clearly, these pointers can work alone or in concert with one another. Your fantasies—and your lover's willingness to play along—are the only limits to what you and she can do. You're free to imagine, improvise, and take control, and as long as you listen to your woman's signals, keep her pleasure in mind, and recognize the imperative to balance the silken with the rough, you are free to be the he-man you—and she—have always wanted you to be.

The secret here is really no secret: What turns a woman on the most is the clear and present illustration that she is wanted. When you plan, you show us that you want us. Take control. We often like it.

And when it's our turn, so will you.

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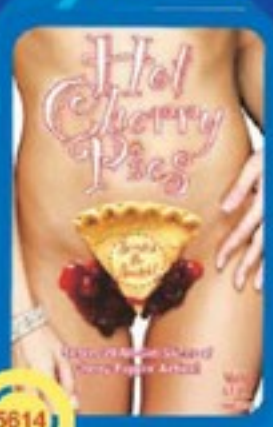

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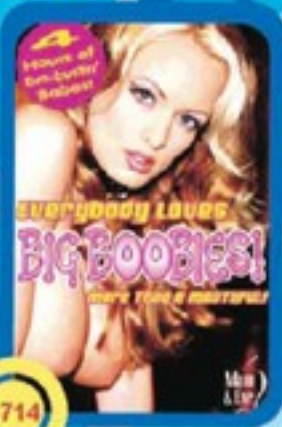

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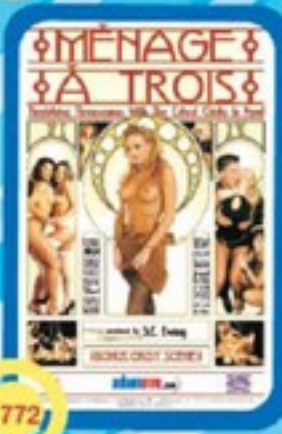

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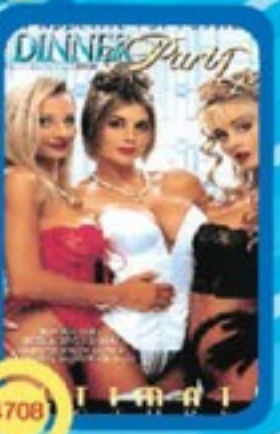

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STACKED

Even good girls love to be bad

ART- MATT ERIKSON COLOR- BRYON DAVIDSON

As usual, my roommate Dave and I had waited until the eleventh hour to start studying for exams. Now it was cram or fail.

Check her out.

I was too busy studying to notice the nerdy library clerk pushing the cart—that is, until Dave kicked me under the table. Nothing ever gets by him.

Ouch! What the hell was that for?

She looked smart and serious—definitely not his type.

She stopped and stared at us with a whole lot of attitude.

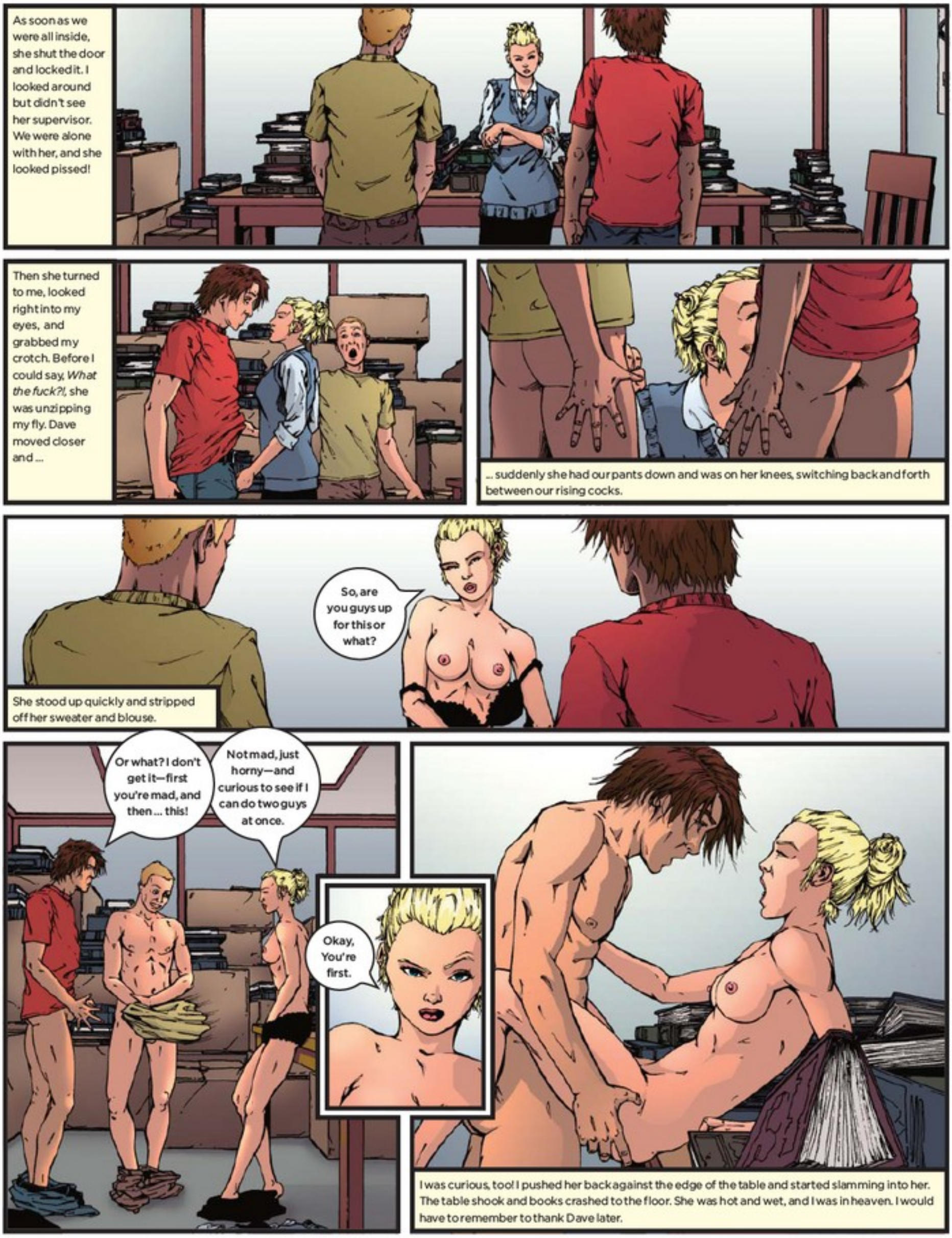
Can I help you with something?

Uh, er ... no, thanks.

Right. You'll both have to come with me to see my supervisor!

For God's sake, Dave—just apologize!

Dave looked panic-stricken, but we packed up our stuff and followed her into a back office.


As soon as we were all inside, she shut the door and locked it. I looked around but didn't see her supervisor. We were alone with her, and she looked pissed!
Then she turned to me, looked right into my eyes, and grabbed my crotch. Before I could say, *What the fuck?!*, she was unzipping my fly. Dave moved closer and ...
... suddenly she had our pants down and was on her knees, switching back and forth between our rising cocks.
So, are you guys up for this or what?
She stood up quickly and stripped off her sweater and blouse.
Or what? I don't get it—first you're mad, and then ... this!
Not mad, just horny—and curious to see if I can do two guys at once.
Okay, You're first.
I was curious, too! I pushed her back against the edge of the table and started slamming into her. The table shook and books crashed to the floor. She was hot and wet, and I was in heaven. I would have to remember to thank Dave later.

She pulled a couple of pencils out of her hair and it fell loosely around her shoulders. This whole thing was crazy, but typical of what happens when I hang out with Dave.

After a few more strokes, I came inside her, my cock pulsing and filling her snatch with hot come. I was a little disappointed she didn't come and backed off to make room for Dave.

She got down on her hands and knees and looked around for Dave. But he was already behind her, ready to ram her. It was fun watching this sexy bookworm getting banged, her tits and hair swaying with each thrust.

She took my cock in her mouth and synced her rhythm with Dave's, gliding her lips up and down my shaft as she pushed back against him.

Dave reached around and started rubbing her clit. After a few minutes, she released my cock and her body convulsed in spasms. At the same time, Dave cried out as he came.

Oh... shit!

Nice! I hadn't come from the blowjob yet.

Sorry about that. You're still hard? Let me take care of that for you.

She pulled up a chair and sat in front of me. I held up her hair and watched her head bob as she sucked me off. It didn't take long. And when I exploded, she swallowed every drop, holding me in her mouth until I went limp.

BOOKS ARE FUN

Now that was fun! But it's closing time, so you boys better finish studying in your rooms.

I still can't believe this! Do you do this often?

Only after I've finished my exams—it's a great way to unwind. Come see me after your finals and we can unwind again!

The end

Discipline is always a condition of authority. But when Zoe takes control of Nella, there's plenty of pleasure in the punishment.

coo
whip

"Power is not revealed by striking hard or often, but by striking true."

—Honoré de Balzac

Nella and Zoe

"Obedience alone gives the right to command."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

"Power is an aphrodisiac."
—Henry Kissinger
WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
TO SEE MORE OF NELLA AND ZOE, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/NELLAANDZOE.

"Do not wait to strike till the iron is hot; but make it hot by striking."
—William Butler Yeats

Ask Dr. Z

Polyamory, New Age sex, and masturbation complications. Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D., tackles a new host of bedroom dilemmas.

FREE SPIRIT

I met an amazing woman at my gym—she's sexy, smart, independent, bisexual, great in bed, and loves to read Penthouse *with me! There is only one problem: She does not want to commit to me exclusively and shares her spacious house with two women and a man. One of the women is her girlfriend of many years and the other woman is married to the man. She not only lives with these folks, but has sex with all of them on a regular basis. She wants me to share her with them, even though she says she loves me and would like to have kids with me. At first I enjoyed having an open relationship, but as I have grown attached to her, it has started to bother me. I have always been open-minded about sex and have had threesomes and swinging experiences with my previous girlfriends, never feeling any discomfort or jealousy. But I have a difficult time sharing her, both emotionally and from the standpoint of STDs. However, she has made it clear that if I make her choose, she would rather give up me than her lifestyle. How do I get her to overcome her commitment phobia and settle for one guy who adores her?*

Your girlfriend seems free-spirited, not commitment-phobic. If you try to tame her wild sexual ways too quickly, you may lose her. Instead, rein her in slowly. Tell her that you are not comfortable with promiscuity but you are willing to settle for polyamory, the practice of having more than one intimate relationship at a time with the knowledge and consent of everyone involved. She should commit herself to you *and* her roommates. Then stir up her jealousy by paying slightly more attention to one of the other women involved. Even the least envious individual will feel some competitiveness in this type of situation. If that doesn't make her want a more exclusive relationship, time might do the trick. She may grow out of her libertine ways or seek to start a family. Meanwhile, enjoy!

TANTRIC TECHNIQUES

Is tantric sex a bunch of New Age crap or does it have real value? I've been with the same girl for a few years and the sex is becoming stale. Recently, she suggested attending a tantric sex workshop together, but I want to know if it's just another clever extortion of money or if it could put some spark back in our sack.

Tantra is an ancient Hindu practice

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARREN TANG

IF YOUR WIFE CLOSES HER LEGS ON YOUR PENIS AS YOU PUMP HER, IT WILL INCREASE THE FRICTION AND MAKE ORGASM EASIER TO ACHIEVE.

that purports to mix meditation and nonorgasmic sex to attain a state of perfect bliss. Tantric skills include different ways of controlling climax to enhance sexual energy and mutual bonding. Practitioners claim that tantric sex can not only significantly improve your physical health, but it can also help create a feeling of inner peace and harmony. Everyone is capable of having tantric sex, but it requires rethinking existing sexual ideas. For instance, you need to dismiss the notion that the goal of sex is to have an orgasm (or three!). Tantra emphasizes the art of connecting with your partner—emotionally, mentally, and physically—so that your two "energy fields" combine. While I'm not a believer in auras and energy fields, the principles of tantra do work on a basic human psychological level. Paying careful attention to your girlfriend, increasing your bond with loving caresses and kisses, and other tantric techniques increase the romance in any relationship—and that always leads to better sex. Also, delaying orgasm does lead to more powerful climaxes. Thus, whether or not you buy into the quasi-religious or meditative aspects of tantra, its teachings of patience and preparation can actually lead to greater sexual enjoyment.

GETTING TO ME!
IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/DRZ, E-MAIL VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM, OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, *PENTHOUSE*, 2 PENN PLAZA, SUITE 1125, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10121.

MARRIED MASTURBATOR

I've been married for almost two years and we are trying to conceive a child, but I am having difficulty ejaculating inside my wife. I have always used withdrawal as a birth-control method, and usually either my wife would finish me off manually or I would use my hand. It always worked for us until now, for obvious reasons. She tries to stimulate me manually before putting my penis back inside her, but I usually lose my erection by then. Is it just my habit or is there something more to this? My wife is pressuring me to see a shrink, but I am hoping to resolve it myself.

Your problem is probably physical *and* psychological. Your penis has become accustomed to manual stimulation. As you know, old habits die hard. You need to stop all masturbation and manual stimulation—no playing with yourself and no handjobs to orgasm. Delay starting intercourse until you are very aroused from foreplay. During intercourse, get into the missionary position and focus on the sensations in your penis, magnifying your arousal as much as you can. If your wife closes her legs on your penis as you pump her, it will increase the friction and make orgasm easier to achieve. You can also further sensitize your penis by applying some Zestra, a botanical arousal oil, topically. Your wife can try massaging your penis with her vaginal muscles. If that doesn't help, add prostate stimulation during intercourse by having your wife insert her finger or a butt plug into your anus—that should put you over the top! If none of this does the trick, it may be time to shrink your other head, as you may have repressed anxieties over conceiving a child.

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X-Rated Video

By Eric Danville

PARLOR TRICKS
Tattooed & Tight
(Pleasure Productions)

Rock 'n' rollers and serious tattoo fans should get a rise out of this one from director Matt Zane, who had a handle on the whole rock/porn thing about ten years ago. The premise here is edgy: Male and female talent get a free tattoo just before doing a scene right there in the tattoo parlor. It's pretty wild watching Mark Zane get his dick sucked while he's getting inked, then see him stick it to Tera Wray. A foxy little number named Riley Paige turns in a real winner during her first scene ever. Curvy with just a hint of baby fat, Paige takes her partner by the balls as he hammers away at her video-virgin cooch before a nasty wet shot. Big-titted Kate Frost has a great time as Rick Masters licks her pussy while she gets a lotus tat on her wrist. The tattoo gun isn't the only thing humming in *Tattooed & Tight;* along with all the balls-out sex, you get a slamming hard-rock soundtrack that's classic Zane.

PARADISE CLITTY
Pink Paradise 2
(Sin City)

The fulfillment of female fantasies is the stock-in-trade of the Pink Paradise, a sex spa where horny women get serviced by a select group of beautiful, experienced courtesans in this feature directed by October 1999 Penthouse Pet Devinn Lane. This all-girl fest mixes up its lesbo liaisons in enough different settings to keep your interest piqued and your prick peaked. Teutonic tart Annette Schwarz headlines the disc's foray into S&M territory, leading slavish slattern Sammie Rhodes through a dank dungeon and slapping Rhodes (with her feet!) while she licks her bald beaver. A four-girl clusterfuck is a sizzling sight in a medical scene that includes stirrups, body oil, and plenty of hands-on attention (the three-on-one massage is arousing enough, but even watching Vivian West jack herself off is steamy). The disc ends on a high note when sexier-than-ever spa receptionist Roxy DeVille gets it on with cougar boss-lady Demi Delia. Their slow start turns into a solid coupling that brings *Paradise 2* to a satisfying close.

Penthouse Pick

Boy Fucks Girl 3
(Platinum X)

It's a timeless tale: Boy meets girl, boy watches girl do sexy striptease in garishly decorated Southern Cali McMansion, boy sticks freakishly long male appendage where the sun don't shine, boy blows warm load all over girl's face. That scenario gets acted out five times here, with little deviation but plenty of deviant action. Tatiana Brown is a dusky, slim beauty who proudly shows off her trimmed box and full, broad tits before being rocked by John Strong. In the best scene, the exceedingly stunning, small-breasted, and deceptively innocent-looking Liv Wylder hands in a highly charged fuck with Benjamin Brat that benefits greatly from their apparently strong attraction and equally strong work ethic. When Brat has his cock lodged balls-deep up her ass, she giggles with joy watching him hammer into her. The fine selection of female flesh on display includes Naomi Cruise, Ashley Jensen, and brunette Micah Moore, whose champagne-glass boobs and wide smile show why she bagged the box cover. DVD extras include interesting behind-the-scenes footage, a slideshow gallery, and a scene-by-scene "come-shot recap," in case you haven't figured out what the fast-forward button is for.

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HIGH-SPEED CONNECTION

One morning I got a call from Valerie, a woman I'd met in a chat room a few months ago. When we discovered we were both graphic artists, we started e-mailing each other. Then we started sending each other pictures of ourselves, fully clothed at first and then partially clothed. The pictures made us want to hear what the other sounded like over the phone, which led to some pretty hot phone sex.

Based on the pictures she sent me, Valerie was an attractive 30-year-old Asian woman, about five foot six, with waist-length hair. She had small, firm breasts, long legs, and a shaved pussy with just a small patch of hair. She had a deep voice with a slight accent—and now she was calling to find out if I wanted to get together for dinner. Of course, I couldn't wait. We agreed to meet at a restaurant in my neighborhood and she took my cellphone number. My phone rang just as I was pulling up to the restaurant. It was Valerie calling to tell me she was running a little late. She said she understood if I wanted to meet her some other time. Now, if I had any sense, I would have said, "Yeah, let's do that." But I kept thinking that if the phone sex was so hot and there was a chance that I could actually fuck this woman, I owed it to myself to wait.

An hour later, Valerie walked in, wearing a very short floral dress with stiletto heels. She came up to me, gave me a quick hug and a kiss, and suggested we move to a booth.

We ordered food, but our real hunger remained unsatisfied. We couldn't take our eyes off each other. I found myself fascinated by the way she licked a bit of wayward ketchup from the side of her mouth. I was amazed that such a simple act could appear so erotic.

When we finished, I asked her if she wanted dessert. Valerie suggested we have it at her place. "You've been so patient and I just want to thank you for putting up with my bad timing," she said. Could this get any better? I told her I could follow her in my car, so I paid the bill and we left.

Valerie lived about 15 minutes from the restaurant. When we arrived at her condo, I parked and followed her inside. She led me into the bedroom and sat on the bed, leaning back on her hands. When I bent to kiss her, she locked her hands behind my neck and pulled me down on top of her.

With our mouths fused together, we both started pulling her dress over her head. I popped open her front-closing bra. Faced with her perfect breasts and pierced nipples, I just had to have a taste. I sucked on one nipple, flicking the little gold ring back and forth with my tongue while gently rolling the other one between my fingers. She started to moan and pressed her hips against my hard cock, so she had to know I was just as turned on as she was.

I released her nipple and dragged my tongue down toward her stomach. As I slid down her body, I pulled off her

I sucked on one nipple, flicking the little gold ring back and forth with my tongue while gently rolling the other one between my fingers.

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thong and discovered another little gold ring. I started licking and sucking her clit and gently tugging on the ring with my lips. Her moans grew louder as she held my head and thrust her pussy toward my mouth. I could tell she was on the verge of coming. She just needed a little nudge, so I gave her one. When I thrust two fingers inside her and sucked hard on her clit, she peaked.

The sight of Valerie in the throes of orgasm was almost enough to set me off. My cock had been straining against my zipper for too long. As soon as she calmed down, I took off my pants. She pulled me on top of her again and I teased her with the tip of my cock, reenacting one of our heated telephone conversations. I took my time, rubbing my shaft up and down against her pussy, until Valerie took matters into her own hands. She placed her hand over mine, guided the head of my cock to her entrance, then quickly grabbed my ass and pulled me into her heat. So much for the reenactment!

She started rotating her hips in time with the thrusts and we picked up the pace. I wanted to make it last, but we were both slamming against each other, pumping faster and harder. When we reached that moment of ultimate pleasure simultaneously, it was one of the most powerful orgasms I've ever experienced.

Valerie asked me to stay the night and if I hadn't had an early-morning breakfast meeting, I would have. I told her if she gave me one of her special wake-up calls to make sure I didn't miss my meeting, I'd come back afterward and we could pick up where we had left off. Not only did I get an X-rated wake-up call in the morning, but when I called her after the meeting to say I was on my way over, Valerie proceeded to give me a detailed description of everything she planned on doing to me once I got to her place.—*W.K., via e-mail*

> Ignoring his wishes, I let him slip deeper down my throat. Despite what he was saying, he was starting to get hard. Knowing he'd lost out to my lust, he gave up and dropped the script.

LUSTING FOR LOVE

After a grueling day at work, I was relieved to finally be back home, letting the shower's spray ease some of the day's tension. My boyfriend was seated at the desk in our workroom reading over a script when I stepped out of the bathroom. Naked and wet, I got down on my knees and sneaked into the room we use as an office. Oblivious to my presence, I lifted one end of the towel he had wrapped around his waist and closed my lips around his cock.

"Later, babe," he said. "I really have to read through this."

Ignoring his wishes, I let him slip

deeper down my throat. Despite what he was saying, he was starting to get hard. Knowing he'd lost out to my lust and his, he gave up and dropped the script. He closed his eyes, giving in to the feeling, and ran his fingers through my hair as he moaned, "Come sit in my lap, baby."

I pulled away slowly, letting my tongue linger on the tip of his cock before I stood up. Then I straddled him and guided his rigid tool inside me. I offered him my breasts and let my head fall back as his tongue swirled around my sensitive nipples. With my hands on his shoulders, I leisurely rocked and rolled my hips. When I opened my eyes again, he looked up and our lips melded together. It was time for the chase.

I had his full attention, so I hopped off his lap and ran for the bedroom. The last thing I felt before dashing out of the room was the end of his towel against my ass. I dived for the bed and rolled onto my back; he landed next to me, pulled my leg over his shoulder, and thrust into me. At last, I had him where I needed him—deep inside me. I let out a moan when the pounding started, grateful that I had him at home to distract me from the daily grind.—*Name and address withheld*

She told us to take off our pants and sit on the couch. It appeared Wanda was about to demonstrate her knack for multitasking.

WIFE OF THE PARTY

I'm happily married and I love my wife Wanda, but I still get psyched when I have a bachelor party to go to. It's my chance to hang out with my buddies for a night of strip clubs and God knows what else.

This time the plan was for a bunch of guys to get chauffeured from club to club for a night of drinking and partying in honor of another poor guy celebrating his last few days of freedom. I told my friend Dave, who lives north of the city, to drive down and park his car at my house. We were the last two to get picked up, so the party had already started when we joined the rest of our buddies in the luxury RV. Champagne was flowing and cigars were handed out.

Our driver hauled us to several strip clubs that night. We saw some amazing girls and a couple who should find other jobs. But all in all, we had a hell of a time. It was morning when Dave and I finally arrived back at my house after dropping off the other guys.

We were pretty drunk and none too quiet when we stumbled through the door. Wanda, who was making

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coffee already, greeted us in her usual sleepwear—shorts and a cropped T-shirt. She asked us if we had a good time. Of course, I tried to be cool about the whole thing and told her it was okay, but Dave just kept going on about how hot the girls looked, how many lap dances we each had, and how horny they had made us.

Wanda was calmly taking it all in. She had her back to me as I tried to get Dave's attention by frantically waving my arms and drawing my hand across my throat. But Dave was having way too much fun running his mouth to understand it was time for him to shut up.

While I wondered how to make amends, Wanda turned to me, smiled, and said she was glad we'd had such a good time. Then she added that she didn't care who was getting married next, but she didn't think I should go to any more strip clubs with the boys. I told her it really wasn't as big a deal as Dave made it seem.

"Well, if it's no big deal, then it shouldn't bother you if I give Dave a lap dance," she said innocently.

I told her to go ahead, certain that she wouldn't go through with it. But she called my bluff and put on some music. Then she ordered Dave to sit on his hands and started to give him a lap dance that was far superior to any I had received at the clubs. Dave's eyes got huge as Wanda held on to the back of his chair and really worked him over, grinding her pussy against his crotch and undulating her torso against his chest.

When the music stopped, Wanda climbed off Dave's lap and said with a grin, "I'd ask if you liked your lap dance, Dave, but judging from the tent in your pants, I think it's safe to say you really enjoyed yourself."

To make matters worse—from my standpoint, at least—Wanda was braless underneath her cropped top, so every time she raised her arms over her head and gyrated against Dave, he got an eyeful of her full breasts. If he wanted to—and I knew he did—he could have flicked her tits with his tongue.

When the music stopped, Wanda climbed off Dave's lap and said with a grin, "I'd ask if you liked your lap dance, Dave, but judging from the tent in your pants, I think it's safe

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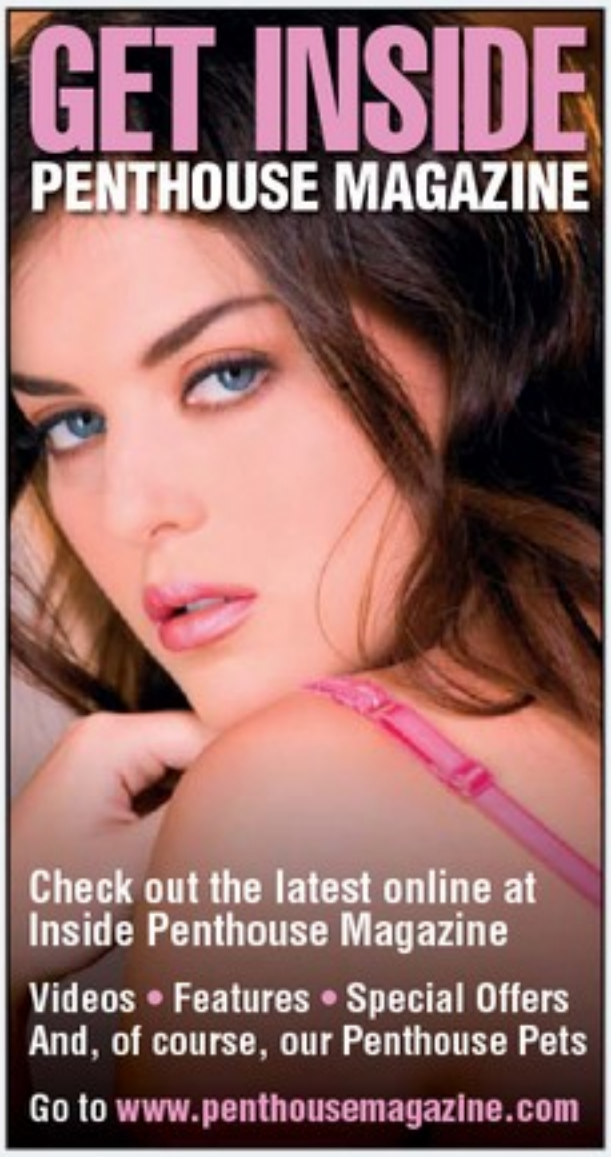

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to say you really enjoyed yourself." I couldn't help but notice that she looked quite pleased with herself.

Grinning like the fool that he is, Dave started to rave about Wanda's technique and begged for another lap dance, saying she was hotter than the girls at the strip clubs. He wasn't exaggerating this time. It was quite obvious he was sporting a boner.

I'm sure part of that had to do with Wanda being my wife, but I had to admit—she really looked hot, and watching her reminded me of our outrageous college days. Wanda had been kind of wild—we all had bounced from bed to bed, partner to partner. Sometimes there were more guys than girls at our parties. On one such night, Wanda handled both my roommate and me. We had a lot of fun, but after Wanda and I got serious and then married, I thought those days were history. Apparently, things were about to change.

"Now, here I am with two horny guys," Wanda said. "I'll have to do something about that."

She told us to take off our pants and sit on the couch. It appeared that Wanda was about to demonstrate her knack for multitasking. When I looked over at Dave, he was smiling like he'd just won the lottery.

By the time we removed our pants, my wife was kneeling in front of us topless and holding a tube of lube. She started giving us handjobs and asking which of us was going to come first. We were both too hypnotized by her bouncing breasts to answer. And I was too into what she was doing to care. I just closed my eyes, completely ignoring the fact that Dave was there, and enjoyed how good she was making me feel. When I opened my eyes again, she was looking from my cock to Dave's, waiting for the impending eruptions.

She didn't have to wait long. The pressure was too much, and I shot a monster load all over my stomach and chest. She licked up most of it and then increased the intensity of her strokes on Dave's cock. He came so hard that some of it landed on his cheek. With Dave spent, she licked up his come and used her finger to swipe up the bit on his face before putting it in her mouth.

Then she got up, gave us both a quick kiss, and said, "Have a good morning, boys," before leaving the room. I told Dave the couch was all his and quickly followed my wife into the bedroom.—*H.A., Minnesota*

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By David Matthews

Lisa Bonet

As hot and frothy as a mocha latte, young Denise Huxtable was proof that American beauty was no longer the domain of black or white, but black *and* white. In 1984, Lisa Bonet was unlike anything young male America had seen before. The slip of a ballerina's body up top, the gratifying excess of a modern dancer below; those chestnut eyes, dark and wide and slightly bugged—and those lips—even wrapped around glinting orthodontia—were fevered and swollen and in need of affection. A caramel nymph, with her punk rock-meets-*Annie Hall* storm of hats, suspenders, face paint, and baubles, Lisa's Denise was an overachieving Huxtable in name only. We all knew the stork had delivered this kitten to the wrong house, and we cheered as she outgrew her buppie constraints.

DENISE WAS AN OVERACHIEVING HUXTABLE IN NAME ONLY, AND WE CHEERED AS SHE OUTGREW HER BUPPIE CONSTRAINTS.

She was already slipping away by season three; her funky egghead character had turned into a sultry New Age slacker who dragged one loser boyfriend after another into the family's Brooklyn brownstone. Before long, she'd dropped out of her spin-off show, *A Different World,* and then Denise disappeared to Africa, only to pop up three years later with a husband and daughter. In reality, she was exiled because Bill Cosby had fired her for marrying hippie grunge-bag Lenny Kravitz and getting all kinds of knocked up, and for flailing buck naked under Mickey Rourke in the 1987 movie *Angel Heart*.

By '87, I had been perched in front of the TV for three years, trying to see through Denise's layers of chunky sweaters and zoot-suit pants. Then came *Angel Heart*.

I didn't trust myself to see it in public, so I waited a *year* for the video to come out. She was wooden and god-awful in the movie, playing some feral voodoo temptress or something. But I wasn't there, remote in hand, to vote for the Golden Globes. Her nude scene lasted maybe two minutes. At about the one-minute mark, the sweaty bayou fuck-fest turned gruesome, the ceiling started dripping blood, and Lisa's character was dead before Rourke had time to pull out. Pretty disturbing—but like I said, the pole-wilting violence happened one minute into the scene, and by that time I was already done. *That's* how hot Lisa Bonet was.

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